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CHRONICLE

The War.—The Germans have gained new successes during the past week in their Russian campaign. The strong fortress of Novo Georgievsk, at the junction of the

Bulletin, Aug. 17, p. m.-Aug. 24, a. m. Narew and Vistula Rivers, was taken by the army of General von Beseler. The capture netted the Germans a vast quantity of war materials and a large number of prisoners, besides driving the Russian forces from the last of their defenses around Warsaw. The fortress of Ossowiec, fifty miles southwest of Grodno also fell; it was the only salient of the present Russian line of retreat. This line was considerably shaken during the week, on the north by the capture of the strong city of Kovno and by the German flanking movement east of that city, and on the south by the forces of Field Marshal von Mackensen closing in east of Vladova on Brest-Litovsk. The fall of Bielsk in the center of their line was another hard blow to the Russian defense. It is around Brest-Litovsk that the conflict is gathering thickest. Prince Leopold of Bavaria has drawn his lines closer to the city on the west and has been strengthened by the army that was engaged in the investment of Novo Georgievsk. The Grand Duke Nicholas will display even greater strategy than at Warsaw if he escapes from this second trap that the Germans have set for his armies.

The reports of the naval battle fought in the Gulf of Riga between the German and the Russian fleets are conflicting. The Russians, according to the German official report, lost two gunboats and two torpedo boats; the Germans lost one torpedo boat while two others were badly damaged. The Russians, however, claim to have destroyed the German battle cruiser Moltke, 2 other cruisers, 8 torpedo boats, and 4 transports with 8,000 men.

The White Star liner Arabic, sailing under the British flag, was sunk by a German submarine off Fastnet Light, in St. George's Channel, on August 19. The steamship

*The Sinking
of the Arabic*

was sunk without warning and two Americans, Mrs. Josephine S. Bruguere of New York, and Dr. Edmund F. Woods of Janesville, Wis., were among the twenty passengers lost. England reports that the vessel was not under convoy of British torpedo boats. From the facts as far as they have been ascertained as yet, it appears that the act "in contravention of American rights," specified in President Wilson's last note to Germany as "deliberately unfriendly," has been committed by the commander of the German submarine, and that in consequence the gravest issue has arisen between the United States and Germany. The President, however, will wait until the facts of the case are clearly established before calling the attention of the German Government to the sinking, and asking from her a suitable explanation or disavowal of the act of the German commander.

The answer of the United States Government to the recent German note in the William P. Frye case combines the two alternative solutions offered by Germany.

*U. S. Note
in Frye Case*

It proposes to accept payment, "provided that the acceptance of such payment should be understood to be without prejudice to the contention of the Government of the United States that the sinking of the Frye was without legal justification, and provided also that an arrangement can be agreed upon for the immediate submission to arbitration of the question of legal justification, in so far as it involves the interpretation of existing treaty stipulations." In conclusion it requests of the German Government an expression of her views on her policy of naval operations pending this arbitral award.

On August 21, Italy declared war upon Turkey, as a result of the failure of the Turkish Government to make compliance with her demands. These demands

*Italy, Turkey,
and the Balkans*

were for permission for Italian reservists to leave Turkey without restriction. The failure of Turkey to grant this permission was one of the primary causes for the declaration of war; the other cause cited was the Turkish support of the revolt in Libya. Italy's first step in the war will probably be to cooperate with the Allies in the effort to force the passage of the Dardanelles. It is expected that the attitude of Greece towards the parties at war will be definitely declared by the new Premier, M. Venizelos, at the next meeting of the Chamber, fixed for August 25. Serbia, as far as is authoritatively known, has not yet agreed to the cession of territory to Bulgaria. There are rumors of negotiations between Bulgaria and Turkey, making for Bulgarian neutrality to offset those of the Allies, making for intervention. Roumania has not altered her neutral stand. The fate of Albania is said to be involved in the efforts for a new Balkan League.

Germany.—Since a state of war does not formally exist between Germany and Italy, it is somewhat significant that the Chancellor in his speech at the opening of

*The Chancellor's
Speech*

the Reichstag, should have referred to "Italy, our new enemy." In reviewing the causes and progress of the war, the Chancellor insisted that by concealing or altering diplomatic correspondence, the Allied Powers had continued to misrepresent Germany's true position in the war. Germany had for years maintained the peace of Europe; Great Britain had been its menace. She now added hypocrisy to her other misdeeds, and after violating the rights of smaller Governments, such as the Boer Republics, Egypt and Persia, "in 1914 declined a German guarantee of Belgian neutrality, declaring that she could not traffic in Belgian neutrality. A country whose policy was and is such has no right to accuse of war-lust and barbarism a country that for forty-four years has protected the peace of Europe; a country that now, menaced by half the world, fights for its very life." Secret reports of Belgian diplomats, said the Chancellor, have recently been published. These prove beyond all doubt that Germany was attacked only after a long and careful preparation for war. In closing his address Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg denied that Germany aspired to a control of all Europe:

Germany has never aspired to a European hegemony. Her ambition was to excel all others in the works of civilization amid the peaceful competition of large and small nations. This war has brought to light the greatness of the attainments made possible by our moral strength. We cannot use this force save in the cause of freedom. We shall continue to fight until the Allied Nations ask peace from their own guilty Governments and until the road is free for a new Europe, delivered from French intrigues, Muscovite love of conquest and British tutelage.

From the nature of the case, the Chancellor's remarks

on the future of Poland could not be characterized by definiteness. The general opinion of the press is that the Government contemplates annexation, granting the Poles a separate government under German protection. "Thus the Poles will be independent," comments the *Taegliche Rundschau*, "or nearly so."

Great Britain.—The loudly heralded Northcliffe conscription policy seems to have fallen flat; at least no new factor of importance has been added to the plan of conscription. It is practically admitted

Conscription

by those in authority that the country stands in greater need of munitions than of soldiers. In issuing a call to engineers to a conference on the manufacture of munitions, the Board of Trade urged that "the great need of the moment is skilled mechanics." The problem to be solved, then, concerns the proper enlistment and disposition of laborers. It has been stated unofficially that the main demands of the Welsh coal miners have been conceded, and that satisfactory arrangements have been made with more than 500 private establishments for the manufacture of arms and ammunition. Nevertheless the cry for conscription is by no means silenced, despite the opposition of the Prime Minister and of Lord Kitchener. Colonel Arthur Lee, lately returned from the front, continues to urge upon his constituents the necessity of compulsory military service, and there are many who agree with him.

The opposition to the Coalition Ministry is apparently losing in strength. The controlling factor is the Prime Minister. "When it comes to deciding a question of any importance," writes a critic, "does

The Ministry

anyone really count except the Prime Minister? The Cabinet is what it proclaims itself to be, a Coalition. But it is not a union and can never be." This complaint seems to voice a fairly common feeling that the Cabinet consists of but one man; a situation in which England has not found herself for many a year. No one questions the patriotism, devotion and loyalty of the members of the Cabinet; but its ability to meet the present crisis with success, is quite another matter. This is the view of the Opposition, but whether or not the present Cabinet consists of one Minister or the usual number, this extraordinary body has undoubtedly won the confidence of the country at large.

Ireland.—Mr. John Dillon, M. P., speaking at the recent Convention of the United Irish League, in Limerick, said that during the Assizes, some of his Majesty's judges had referred to the recruiting in Ireland. Much abuse, too, had been heaped upon Irish farmers and their sons, and threats of conscription had been made. Yet Ireland had given her full share of recruits. Were the recruiting methods changed and improved, she would

furnish still more. Limerick alone had given 4,000 men; to equal this London should give 800,000. Mr. Dillon did not believe that any British Government would try to enforce conscription in Ireland. Were the attempt made, the Irish Party would resist it with every means in their power. It was a marvel, he continued, that with the painful memories of 300 years yet lingering in her people, England could still get recruits in Ireland. Had the country obtained full and perfect freedom under O'Connell, nine or ten millions would be living in the country now and it would be able to furnish England with 500,000 men, and the Irish soldier is the equal of any in the world. The Irish Party, he said, was now in a position of perfect freedom and certain concessions could be easily made to the Unionists of Ulster. Mr. Redmond's policy, Mr. Dillon admitted, might perhaps, in some things be open to criticism, but if they decided, as he knew they would, to retain Mr. Redmond's leadership and the unity of the party, every Irishman should support the party and its leader and give them a chance to work out the salvation of Ireland.

Italy.—The long inquiry by the military court into the case of the Dominican Friars of Bari, who were accused of being spies and traitors, has come to an end and has resulted in their complete acquittal.

*Dominicans'
Acquittal*

They were indicted for having flashed signals, presumably to Austrian or German spies, from a window of their house which faced the sea. After due investigation the flashlight was proved to be a lantern-slide projector used for illustrated lectures. A sum of money found in the house, and claimed by the prosecution to have come from Austria, was shown to have been sent by the Pope himself for transmission to the Archbishop of Antivari for mission work. It was shown at the trial that the Dominicans had offered the very part of the house, whence the suspicious flashlights came, to the military authorities for any legitimate use they might deem necessary. The verdict, one of absolute acquittal, became the occasion of a popular triumph for the slandered Friars. During the trial, the Court thought that Cardinal Gasparri, the Papal Secretary of State, could give some valuable evidence. But the cardinal lives in the Vatican Palace, and by Article 7 of the Law of Guarantees, no Italian official may enter the palaces of the Sovereign Pontiff. His Eminence solved the difficulty. He arranged to be present at the apartments of his cousin, Mgr. Sili, in the Piazza Scossacavalli close by. There he met the Commissioners and courteously gave them the information they sought. The *Giornale d'Italia* pays a sympathetic tribute to the cardinal's kindness and tact. Throughout the trial it became evident that some secret power was at work against the Friars. This verdict of an acquittal and two or three more in somewhat similar circumstances, have brought out into still sharper relief the patriotism of Italian priests and religious.

Mexico.—Though Villa maintains that the "Convention Government is strong enough through its own force and power to continue the fight," he is, nevertheless,

*The Peace Offers:
A Letter*

"ready to accept" the good offices of the United States and the six Latin American Republics regarding a reunion of the contending parties in Mexico. Carranza, however, has permitted six of his generals to reject the peace offers and General Obregon, commenting on the fact that the proposals of the Pan-American conference were sent separately to each of the Carranza leaders, observed that the delegates signing the document "were absolutely in ignorance of the solidarity of our movement and of the perfect control which the First Chief exercises over the whole Constitutionalist army, which at the present date numbers over 150,000 men, controlling nine-tenths of the Republic, wherein natives and foreigners enjoy all the guarantees afforded by our laws." But what little hope there is of any faction's being able to give peace to Mexico may be gathered from the following letter written by a thoroughly trustworthy Mexican:

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In my preceding letter, I gave you an account of such official acts as may enable you to form your judgment of the Carranza Administration and thus forecast what would be the condition of unfortunate Mexico, if the man who now is only "First Chief," might some day, with the help and official recognition of the United States, become President of the Mexican Republic. The Zapatista or "Conventionistas" party does not afford us any surer grounds of hope, nor does it deserve in any way the slightest consideration or support. The most uncultured and uncivilized people in the world would be heartily ashamed of such leaders and legislators as these "Conventionistas," the vast majority of whom have no talents but those of the stockman and the cowboy. They can tame a colt, handle a gun, ride a horse and that is all.

What were the striking features of the Zapatista rule? (1) The infamous decree legalizing divorce; (2) the confiscation of the property of a multitude of men, whose greatest crime was, that instead of a blouse they wore a Prince Albert and instead of sandals, shoes. And last came the decree pensioning the parents and relatives of the "glorious" soldiers of the no less glorious Revolution. But, you ask: Has not the Revolution so far fought for the triumph of its ideals? Were not "Universal Suffrage," "The Redistribution of Lands," "The Abolition of Privileged Classes," the slogans shouted into the ears of the Americans, slogans that seem to lend some nobility and dignity to the Constitutionalist Movement? Why then, from the moment it began to legislate, did it not start its reform? Why did it not try to realize its high ideals?

With all the impartiality and fairness of a man who truly and dearly loves his country, I answer: Because in reality these slogans were only a lure and a mask, used by the leaders of this truly diabolical movement to win the sympathy and the help of the Washington Government. Beneath the whole movement lurked ambition, envy and hate. But, again you ask: "Were not these slogans a résumé, a compendium of the conditions and the needs then prevailing in Mexico?" No. In the first place, the Republic does not need this redistribution of lands, for the simple reason that she has nobody to distribute them to. The apathy and degradation of the Mexican Indian render him unfit, at the present moment, not only to improve his condition, but even to remain and live in it more comfortably and decently. I am

willing to suppose the redistribution actually made, that the Government gave to every Indian, not only a plot of ground to till, but money and agricultural tools. What would happen? At the end of one or two or ten months either the ground would be untilled, or the tools pawned or mortgaged, or the Indian dispossessed of his holding. Ten or twenty dollars would have been quite enough to cheat him out of the land and make the owner as much of a peon as before.

Facts and the truth must be looked in the face. Hopes, aspirations, prospects and ideals are the spurs of work. Where these are not found, there can be no such thing as work. Where men do not work, there can only be found misery, degradation and ruin. The Mexican Indian has no aspirations, no prospects, no hopes. In general it can be affirmed that today he is more opposed to progress than he was in the days of Montezuma. Those who have seen him at close range realize this. The very leaders of the Revolutionary Party are convinced of the fact. And as soon as the chiefs of the movement become masters of an estate or plantation, they tyrannize over the peons with greater cruelty and heartlessness than any *Científico* ever dared to do.

We hear it said: "The Mexican Indian is a slave." No, not a slave, but a "minor," a child. Put money into his hands and you are pouring it into the saloon and filling the jails with criminals. We give liberty to slaves. To children and minors we assign guardians.

And here the rich in general are to blame. And the wealthy Mexican Catholic is equally guilty. Speaking broadly, they have not made slaves of the peons; neither have they made them men, for the reason, that on their estates scarcely one of the wealthier Mexicans had the courage and self-abnegation to become the guardian and tutor of the Indians, and in a still less degree, the true spirit of Christian charity and love to become their father.

Everyone eagerly wishes to see Mexico settled and at peace. In the United States the Administration imagines that provided a government can be formed that is worthy of our official recognition, all will be well. There could be no greater illusion. To recognize a Mexican Government, formed from the ranks of the present-day Revolutionists, would be to give the death-blow to the wretched country now weltering in its own agony, in its very life-blood streaming from its mangled form. No. When a nation descends to the political, social, economic and religious degradation that Mexico has reached, to regenerate it anew only one way is open. It must be taught the principles, the doctrines of a sound Christian morality. And do you think that either Carranza, or Villa, or Zapata will be clear-sighted enough, or clean-hearted enough thus to teach and uplift a whole nation? No, indeed. Moreover, I am sure that not a single member of the Washington Government, not one of the signatories of the Pan-American note of August 14, would dare advise their friends to take as guardians or tutors for their children a Carranza or a Villa, or any single one of the present leaders of the Mexican Revolution.

A. COROLLA.

The New York *Sun* has been publishing recently an enlightening series of articles by Raymond C. Carroll, who shows that the Mexican Revolution is merely a vast

Mr. Carroll's Disclosures

plundering enterprise in which Americans are considerably involved. Pancho Villa and his brother, Hipolito, have been making huge profits and banking them in the United States. Whoever refused to pay tribute to anarchy had his property destroyed or seized. The Mexican Revolutionists, he says, "only fight to ravish women and steal what is loose from the *tierra*, and they know nothing whatever of the Sixth, Seventh or Eighth Commandments." During eighteen months 10,114 car-

loads of loot passed through El Paso alone, 5,000,000 pounds of uninspected meat-products menaced the health of American families, and 290 carloads of beans, the Mexican's staple food, were sent out of the starving country. So it is not hard to believe that the Villas have more than \$5,000,000 in gold stored away in American safe deposit vaults. Meanwhile 100,000 rifles and 50,000,000 rounds of ammunition are said to be America's contribution to Mexico's reign of terror, the various factions spending \$20,000,000 for military supplies. Foreign investments, mostly American, representing \$1,500,000,000, have been swept away, and 30,000 American property holders have lost practically everything. Regarding the effect of the Revolution on the peons, Mr. Carroll writes:

They have generally reverted to savagery, the little peons to little thefts and crimes and the big peons to big thefts and crimes. They have seen nuns seized by their commanding generals and ravished; they have seen priests shot down by firing squads, and they have seen *jefe político gringos*, their name for American Government officials in Mexico, hobnobbing with Villa, Zapata and Carranza. Their religion is gone. They have lost all respect for their Government and the representatives of our Government. It seemed to me they are deserving of some sympathy, for it was our interference in their affairs, refusing recognition to the central authority which held them in control, which brought them to their present low estate, morally and physically.

"Why has all this not been written before?" the *Sun's* contributor naturally asks. During the past eighteen months much of it has appeared in the pages of *AMERICA*. It is refreshing, however, to find the long silence of the secular press at last broken.

Spain.—In a statement to a Paris newspaper *L'Espagne*, the Liberal Leader Count Romanones, declares that neutrality is the one possible policy for Spain,

Attitude Toward the War

for she is in no position from either a military or economic standpoint to enter the war. Spain is bound by no treaty to alter her neutral course, and her friendships will remain the same after as before the war. By this statement Romanones is merely keeping step with public opinion which favors neutrality, and the report is that the Liberal leader hopes by stating his position to pave the way for his return to office.

The attitude of the Regionalists has caused a stir in public life. They are advocating Home Rule for Catalonia, and in fact for the rest of Spain. Urging a measure of commercial autonomy, in the establishment of so-called neutral zones, they complain that Dato when in Barcelona promised to grant this by securing a royal decree. The Prime Minister repudiates their claim, stating that this is a question for Parliament to decide. So the Regionalists are waiting for the Cortes to open, when they purpose opposing the Government unless their plea is hearkened to. All the while Lerroux is heading the Radical-Republican element, calling for war in the cause of the Allies.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

A Graduate's Confession

I WAS not an honor speaker, so I merely sat on the Commencement platform and listened and thought. Out of the haze of banquets and speeches and music and handshakes only one fact stood out clearly: it was all over. Four years lay behind me and today I was—what? Unconsciously my mind reverted to an unforgettable incident of two years before. One evening as I was leaving the college with two other students, we were suddenly hailed by a passing socialist "soap-boxer" with the taunt, "Trainin' yerselves to be parasites, eh!" We passed on, but his words went home. "Was I a parasite?" To find the answer I looked back over the five years just drawing to a close, and here is the accounting:

After graduating from high school I entered a so-called non-sectarian college, which, however, had a distinctly Unitarian atmosphere. At the close of a year, for reasons irrelevant here, I decided to enter a Jesuit college in the same city. I was admitted to the Freshman class. Instantly, unconsciously, I began making comparisons. While these comparisons, continued throughout four years, might be most illuminating, the limitations of this article compel me to forego the strong temptation to relate them, and to confine myself to my actual career at H—, with its results, as I saw them on Commencement Day. Naturally, however, my impressions were colored by contrast.

I was fully cognisant when I entered H— that the curriculum called for a twenty-five hour schedule, instead of the eighteen I had been used to at C—. I knew also that the elective courses were confined to the Senior year, but I confess that I was not quite prepared for the discipline I found there. I expected that a "reasonable" amount of "cuts" would be allowed, and that a man who could "get by" without attending all his classes might spend the time under the trees or playing tennis, or in any of a hundred other pleasant ways. Alas, for my dreams! I discovered that an hour a month might slip by the eagle eye of the dean, but more, or, indeed, two hours in succession, would invariably find me "on the carpet." Mere attendance at class did not suffice, the system went farther than that. A drop below the required standard was not only publicly posted, but the recalcitrants were permitted to spend many of their choicest afternoons "in durance vile." There was no "easiest way." It was work or "get out." And the result? In my case and in that of the majority of others we worked. We worked because we had to work, not because it appealed to us as desirable. Of course, there was the usual minority who would have worked hard anyway. They were the honor men. But for the rest of us the old saying held true, "A boy's will is the wind's will," and strangely enough the system seemed to be

founded upon the universality of that very truism. The sanction was the same in the Sophomore and Junior years, but in the Senior year the bars were lowered a trifle. And marvelous to relate, nobody seemed to notice it. By the time the Senior year was reached I had become so accustomed to doing that which I had come to college to do that I had a vague sense that somehow it was my duty. The temptation to "cut" and to "squeeze through" was as strong as ever, but I found that I could now say "No" with startling ease, and that I could cling to my determination. This was true of the majority of my classmates, who, while hardly conscious of any change in themselves trudged along with an unspoken determination that told the tale. We were able to work and we were willing to do so.

One of the most striking features of life at H— was its social side. There were no fraternities. If one had never observed the fraternity system in its workings the full significance of this statement may be lost. But I had seen it all; the cliques, the snubbing, the sudden coldness between friends, the false standards of worth, the blighting of character and the creation of snobs. Therefore, I appreciated the real democracy at H—, where all men were brothers, and none were dearer brothers than the professors. They were ever at one's disposal, day and night, in the classroom or elsewhere, as helpers, advisors and friends. Many of my jolliest hours have been spent in the rooms of my instructors. To be sure, in a large college like H— there were little knots of chums and friends, but there was nothing that corresponded to the aristocracy of the fraternities. There were no select dormitories; the sons of Judy O'Grady and the colonel's lady lived in the same hall with the professors. There were no castes at H— but those of brains and character. The result? We rated men by their ability and achievements, and not by any empty social distinction. The graduates were Americans and not snobs.

I never realized the value of the course in philosophy at H— until after a few chance *rencontres*, on paper and otherwise, with men from other colleges. Then it grew upon me that I was the possessor, not alone of an impartial knowledge of the history of philosophy, but of a set of principles founded on common sense, every one of them correlated, tested by time and trial and unflinching in a crisis. I did not have to gather a few grains from Kant, a few from Descartes, a few from James and from a thousand others, to rear a structure which I might have to raze on the morrow only to build anew with pebbles from Bergson. I became aware that my feet were on a rock, composed of that matter that unaided reason can know, of the laws of God and nature and of their proper relation. I refer to scholastic philosophy, which forms the principal part of the Junior and Senior course at H—.

There was but one course. It included both the classics and the sciences. There were no electives, save in Senior year; it was all or none. Every subject in the

curriculum met some particular need of a well-educated man. Nothing was neglected, nothing was over-emphasized. Specialization was left for the universities and professional schools, H— was concerned only with turning out gentlemen with a well-rounded education. There could be but one outcome; to every man that graduated—all things else being equal—every line of endeavor was open. The pulpit or the marketplace, the bench or the desk, they were all within his grasp. He could work and was willing to work, he knew men, he had a standard by which to judge right and wrong, and he knew the groundwork on which all special study must be based.

He had been brought under one other influence, however, which, whether he knew it or not, had left its mark upon him. At H— he breathed Catholicism. Not the chanting and the candles and the incense that many outside the walls regard as the distinctive atmosphere of a Catholic institution, but the pure wholesome air of sane thinking, right living, reverence of God and service of fellowman. There were no long religious ceremonies. There was Mass in the morning, Benediction at set times, a short prayer before class; those were all the formal exercises of religion, but there was the feeling of the omnipresent Christ. The quiet earnestness, the light-heartedness and the manliness of the professors who had devoted their lives to this work made me feel more that they were men of God than did their cassocks and caps. As well expect to bathe without getting wet or to cross the Arctic circle without feeling cold as to graduate from H— and not have imbibed real religion. The gift of virile, practical and unflinching praise, reverence and service of God was the crowning glory of the course at H—.

These were my thoughts as I looked back over four years on Commencement Day. I had learned a few languages and had mastered the rudiments of some of the sciences. I had acquired a valuable knowledge of men and things by rubbing elbows with men from every clime: an education by friction, as it were. But it was not the jumble of verbs and sentences and formulæ, nor the acquaintances I had made that seemed to me to constitute the positive benefits of my college career. The acquisitions which seemed to me the greatest were not quite as tangible as these. They might be called powers to do certain things: a power to work willingly and hard, not because I liked to, but because it was my duty; a power to value men, not on externals, but on character and ability; a power to think logically and to argue squarely on any problem, and to determine as far as reason can the true from the false; a power to enter any branch of public service, better equipped after a few years' specialization than any man lacking a training similar to that given at H—. Lastly, a power to live as one who realizes that his only purpose on earth is to save his immortal soul.

Having thus summed up the results of my under-

graduate days, I felt prepared to meet the question. "No, Mr. Socialist, I am not a parasite," I murmured, half aloud.

JOHN J. CROWLEY.

Another View of the Catholic Press

THE pessimist has been well defined as "a man, who of two evils, chooses both." The general effect on the average Catholic mind of the recent discussion in AMERICA on the subject of the Catholic Daily, was: "As long as such a paper is not possible in this country, owing to its great size and the financial problem involved, the case of the Catholic press is a hopeless one." I wish to differ, and modestly suggest that in our great land we have a powerful and influential medium for Church defense and enlightenment in the present Catholic press that has, perhaps, been underestimated. In seeking the ideal there is always danger of despising the real. The ideal daily may be chimerical, but the ideal weekly or monthly Catholic paper or magazine is very near us in the general excellence of the *de facto* Catholic press of our land.

One would have to be in a Catholic newspaper office when the "exchange" list of Catholic papers comes to appreciate or even imagine the extent and variety of work that is actually being accomplished through the medium of printer's ink. The uninitiated would be very much astonished to note the general excellence in tone, typography and general makeup of the countless publications that constitute the American Catholic press. Needless to say the field of Catholic life in America makes imperative the use of the printed word.

In these days "of wars and rumors of wars" the eyes of the nation are turned seriously to the two great arms of national defense, the army and the navy. Both are needed as defenders against hostilities in war time, as means for compelling respect and proper treatment of national interests in times of peace. In like manner the Catholic press has from the beginning most courageously defended the interests of the Church from the attacks of ignorant and biased foes; and in times of calm it has prevented unwarranted attack by the general note of efficiency that it inspires. Many an unborn attack upon the Church has been prevented from seeing the light of day, owing to the generally virile reputation of our Catholic editors who are ready with their big guns of truth and justice to pounce upon the intending aggressors.

The field of activity in the United States has for a long time been well covered. Some of our magazines or reviews claim to be national in their scope, and their increasing circulation seems to justify the claim. Even the big advertising concerns are recognizing this in their acceptance of Catholic magazines as mediums for general advertising for the nation.

The *Sunday Visitor*, *Extension*, the *Ave Maria* and the *Columbiad* reach every State in the Union. The *Sunday*

Visitor is fast approaching the half million mark in circulation and the others above mentioned have figures wavering between one hundred and fifty thousand to over three hundred thousand subscribers. That their influence for good is powerful the readers of the above mentioned publications are well aware. What a mighty force they would contain if their combined circulation and influence were united in one publication! This, owing to the great extent of the country and the diversity of interests they represent, is impossible. Nevertheless, the complaint that we have no such circulating medium as the *Ladies' Home Journal* or the *Saturday Evening Post*, is offset by these nation-wide papers.

According to Pope Leo XIII, a Catholic paper is a perpetual mission. This splendidly epitomizes the purposes and aims of the Catholic press. Our general idea of a mission is an organized effort to bring home the old truths in a striking way; a constant effort to strengthen the foundations of faith and an attempt to arouse new fervor and enthusiasm in the cause of truth. This has been realized to a great extent in the United States with flattering results by the Catholic press. Much of our boundless energy has come directly from the sparks of enthusiasm that have been struck on the anvil of the Catholic paper. Catholic Social Reform work is the child of our Catholic pamphlets and tracts. Church defense is the child of the Truth Society and its great magazine, *Truth*, with a circulation of over eighty thousand copies a month. Energy and zeal for home missions have come to stay, swayed by the mighty pen of the editor of the *Extension*. Interest and awakened energy for the pagan lands have sprung up through the tons of Catholic foreign missionary periodicals that have been scattered over our land, and the full-grown rose of enthusiasm has blossomed into the modern paradox, an American Catholic Foreign Missionary Society. The *Columbiad*, the official organ of the Knights of Columbus, places in the hands of more than three hundred and twenty thousand men every month a periodical that is brimming over with Catholic sentiment and truth. It might be well said that the life and zeal of all the social and religious movements in the country have been fostered and maintained by the Catholic press.

The complaint is frequently heard that our Catholic people do not read Catholic papers. To some extent this is true, but the complaint is gradually losing its force. It is almost impossible nowadays for a practical Catholic to dodge some form or other of the Catholic printed word. His diocesan paper is sold at his church door; his pastor is "booming" it from time to time; the society to which he belongs insists on his reading its monthly bulletin by supplying it freely. Some dioceses make arrangements whereby the parish funds are utilized to pay for a copy of the diocesan paper for every parishioner. Where this does not hold, it is rare to find a parish that is too insignificant to have a monthly messenger; all of which goes to prove that our people are really reading,

perhaps not as they should, but the taste is there in the developing.

The good points of the Catholic press are many. In its diversified form it caters to all classes. The general outlines of *AMERICA* have appealed strongly to the educated laity. Its weekly messages of Catholic thought and its rapid fire comment on the current slander of bigotry of the day make its readers smile with admiration, and spur them on to better things. The recent golden jubilee of the *Catholic World* eloquently testifies to the constantly growing taste for the refined and scholarly literature that has always characterized that solid and dignified periodical. Bishop Muldoon has recently termed *Our Sunday Visitor* "the miracle press," because of its rapid growth to more than four hundred and forty thousand copies a week. No one can estimate the splendid service it has performed as a "follow up" to the mud-slinging papers of the *Menace* type.

The predominant form of the Catholic press is doing its work in the shape of the "diocesan organ." Scarcely a diocese in the entire country that is not represented by its own local paper. Familiarity with more than fifty of these papers justifies the writer in saying that their general excellence and high standard of output each week is a cause of delight and wonderment. No need to fear that the "Faith once delivered to the Saints" and now thriving in these parts, is in danger of failing for want of defense. The average diocesan paper arouses interest in the school by its "Roll of Honor," its pretty stories and its excellent illustrations. This attention to the young is preparing a reading public for the future. The devoted ones are pleased by its stories of piety, the men folk have the Catholic current topics discussed and the intelligent members of the domestic circle are instructed and edified by the editorial comment. The average Catholic paper has as many departments as a well-managed secular paper: news items from far and near, sermons, editorials, fiction, household items, and last but not least, the comic section, without the vulgarity and banality of the yellow journals. In this respect, the *Sacred Heart Review* of Boston excels; likewise the *Standard and Times* of Philadelphia. Both papers are copiously copied and quoted for their excellent humor.

The Catholic press is becoming a forum for the discussion of religious and ethical topics among Catholics. The present popularity of *AMERICA*, I believe, is mainly due to its department of correspondence. It can no longer be termed exclusively a Jesuit organ of thought. The corresponding editors give it zest, spice and variety. This feature is growing in many of our diocesan papers. The clergy as a body have not utilized their talents sufficiently in taking up the pen, but gradually a change is coming. The *Baltimore Catholic Review* has a staff of at least ten clergymen writing on serious and scholarly topics every week, and the *Tablet* of Brooklyn receives weekly communications from about eight clerical writers. All this is encouraging. The priestly writers

are furnishing a splendid supplement to the necessarily brief discourses of the crowded Sunday Masses. "The Question Box" feature is another good point of the Catholic press. Ably edited by scholarly priests this section is among the most popular of the features in the average weekly paper.

Departmental and technical writers are found on many a diocesan staff, and their output is wholesome. Dr. James J. Rooney, the Catholic chronologist of Brooklyn, contributes to more than twenty weeklies his learned résumé of American Catholic history, with graphic details of the early days of the Faith in America. These features, but roughly sketched, give a faint outline of the tremendous activities that are presented weekly and monthly to our people who read the Catholic press. Their general approval and commendation are heard from all sides.

JAMES F. IRWIN.

Dollars and Diplomacy

RECENT articles in AMERICA indicate that the time seems opportune to increase the commercial activities of the United States in Spanish America. Various excuses are offered for overlooking this lucrative field in the past, while multitudinous suggestions pour in for the amelioration of conditions in the future. South Americans in discussing the subject complain of the superior attitude of their northern neighbors and seek to be better understood and trusted by them. General Oscar R. Benavides, President of Peru, speaking through Roger W. Babsos, advises the teaching of Spanish in the public schools in order to accomplish this result.

Evidently instead of simply neglecting her sister republics, the United States has fostered and encouraged an active feeling of hostility toward them. One of the most potent arguments in this behalf has been the Catholicism of their subjects. In practically every country, with the notable exception of Brazil, the State religion is that of the despised "Papacy," and the Protestants of varied creeds are almost a negligible factor in the totals of the census reports.

Beginning with the time of Henry VIII, and even before that period, Englishmen became nauseated at the mere mention of Catholicism. With a diplomacy worthy of higher aims, they insidiously injected the virus of hatred into their whole body of education and literature until they not only converted many people of other nationalities, but even began to believe in their own fabrications. A favorite topic for argument, even to this day, is the question, "Are Spaniards lazy, untrustworthy, shiftless and lying because of their Catholicism, or are they Catholic because they are lying, shiftless, untrustworthy and lazy?" "Temperamental" has always been a term of opprobrium as applied to them, and they were dubbed idolators because they worshiped at a Virgin's shrine.

Very naturally, but with abundant ease and quiet pre-

cision, the Anglicized trend of mind came to predominate in the American colonies. It pushed ever backwards the culture of the French which met it on the north and west, and the Spanish-French which touched it upon the south. With the advent of the English way of doing things, followed a deep resentment toward the Latins and Rome. History was perverted and facts distorted. Justification sat gracefully upon the English brow when Englishmen killed and robbed the Indian owners of the conquered soil, and disgust distorted their vision when the Spaniards received the Red Men into their very hearts in an attempt at assimilation.

To English thought and education then, in a great part, can be traced the active hostility displayed in America to all things Catholic. Today systematic prevarication with malice aforethought is often absent, but its result as seen in the ignorance of even supposedly eminent scholars is just as apparent. The New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad corruption disclosures, the political rottenness of many parts of New England, the serene composure of various blue-blood legislators "caught with the goods on them," all of which have been held up to biting scorn by intrepid "muck-rakers" recently, have done much to shake the obsession which had fastened itself upon the public mind that everything emanating from the aristocratic Eastern seaboard with its center in Boston, must always be right, and that anything which savored of the impetuosity of the West, of the poetry of the South, or of the idealism of the Celt or the Latin, must be inherently wrong. It seemed as if there was about to be born in this country a new spirit of Americanism which would be bigger and broader than that which had shaped the destinies of the nation in times gone by.

Howsoever that may be, one thing is at least apparent; there never will be any real, lasting trade relations or intercourse of any sort with South America, built upon an enduring basis, till the antagonism and reproach which has belonged to Catholic institutions is irrevocably removed from the minds of those shaping the future of this country.

If the present interest shown toward the republics of the South is to manifest itself as a sincere desire for a better fundamental feeling between the United States and the southern nations, and not just as a Yankee forethought for the accumulation of a dollar, all hatred between and on the part of every one concerned, must be laid aside. To accomplish this, the Catholic laity of this country are most eminently fitted, knowing as they do the inheritance of prejudice and ignorance which has been handed down to their well-loved citizens of a different faith, and sympathizing with them in their efforts to secure now a truer and more impartial understanding of the past and of the present, in so far as it affects Catholic institutions. To the Catholics belongs the duty of interpreting the institutions of the South into the more intelligible terms of the North. Upon them rests the burden

of friendly consideration of the feelings of their co-religionists. If they assume this burden and faithfully perform their offices as good citizens and churchmen should, they may have the satisfaction of seeing a New World rejuvenated with a real brotherhood of man.

WILLIAM H. LEARY.

The God of the Ethical Societies

THE Ethical Movement, as is well known, aims at setting up a morality divorced from religion, notwithstanding God is the object of both. The agitators of this comparatively recent thought-fad talk glibly of the moral law and the regeneration of mankind through the observance of that law; and yet they sedulously leave out of consideration God, the Author of the moral law. This attitude of mind is hardly intelligible until one recollects the influence of Kantian philosophy on nineteenth century thought, and particularly of Kant's Autonomy as the standard of human conduct. The Sage of Königsberg would have it that man is a law unto himself; whatever a man's reason, as the supreme lawgiver, bids him do, that he must do. If he doesn't, he sins against his own reason. Further, only that which a man commands himself is morally good; all other actions, the counsels of Christ, for example, are perfectly indifferent, being neither good nor bad.

Now, I say, recollecting a doctrine of this nature, one can discern the inspiration for the modern Ethical Movement. Your "Ethical Society" will have nothing to do with the God of the Christians, the personal Creator and Lord of the universe. Men are to be moral without Him. They are to look up to the great moral Ideal embodied in the transcendent figures of history, Jesus Christ, a man, and the Saints. They are to fulfill in themselves the moral law; and so rise superior to all religions and all dogmatic teaching whatever.

A God the Society must have, or it would be called atheistic; and that would scare decent folk away. For your Ethical Society leaders wish to gain over decent folk, and besides, "scientific" atheism is long gone out of fashion. But how was I to find out what sort of God they professed? Obviously by inquiring. But so shift were the pronouncements of the ethical societies on this head that I was beginning to despair of ever attaining a definite tenet, when lo! across my wandering path there loomed the object of my search: "Criticisms of Life," a book by the leader of the Ethical Society of Chicago, Mr. Horace J. Bridges.

Here, thought I, we shall have some dogmatic utterance about their God; for surely, Mr. Bridges, as a teacher among the gentiles, has authority to speak. But I was doomed to disappointment; on reading the sacred volume I found that its dominating note was precisely a hearty hatred for all dogmatic truth and more especially for the mother of that truth, the Catholic Church.

In the first essay of the book, on Thompson's "Hound

of Heaven," Mr. Bridges tells us that the "Hound," which most men had thought was merely the personal, loving God pursuing the soul with His grace, is the "poetic bodying forth of a mighty ideal." This ideal, according to Mr. Bridges, is the moral ideal toward which all men should strive; it is an ideal identified with God, so that should one inquire what is the God Mr. Bridges professes, the answer would be, the great moral Ideal. Now, according to our Christian notions God is not a mere ideal, for all that we are bid by Christ "to be perfect even as our heavenly Father is perfect"; our God is a mighty threefold Personality, infinitely individual, tremendously real. To say, therefore, that God is a mere ideal would seem to destroy His reality. Not a bit of it. Says Mr. Bridges: "Nor should it be imagined that when we speak of God as the Ideal we are in any way invalidating or denying the reality of God. There could not be a grosser blunder, nor one more disastrous in its consequences, than the antithesis between the ideal and the real." The ideal, he continues, is after all real, because it produces effects. For example, a person of high moral character, after I know him, or, Bridges-like, "project him in my consciousness," may become for me a moral ideal, and thus so influence my life as to lift me up to a higher level of virtuous conduct. Indeed, in this way the ideal is defined by Mr. Bridges: "the Ideal is itself a mere projection in consciousness of material things previously experienced through sensation." All who have followed Mr. Bridges and me thus far are here requested to pause for rest, and, pausing, to reflect that, according to Mr. Bridges, this moral ideal is God. Well!

Since this is true, God is either mere thought, "the projection in consciousness," or those material things or persons which are "projected." But surely God cannot be mere thought; Mr. Bridges could not mean that, and he doesn't. Therefore God must be the things or persons of high moral worth that cause our ideals. Just so. Says Mr. Bridges again: "To say, then, that God is the Ideal or that the Ideal is God is equivalent to saying that God is the supreme Reality." But what reality? Answer: "It is also equivalent to identifying God with the human and natural." God, therefore, is human nature, not this or that particular human nature, but human nature in general; for this moral ideal is "the Universal in the particular, the Man in men, the God in Man." But, interested readers, I perceive a shade of perplexity on your countenances, as though the matter were still somewhat obscure. Patience yet a while!

We have seen that God is human nature in general. What means that "in general?" Mr. Bridges will again take the floor: "God is not the *totality* of the human, but its *essence*, which is a very different matter." So, God is the essence of human nature. Now the essence of human nature, according to all right-thinking people, may be justly included in these two ideas, animality and rationality. But as God is the "Supreme Reality" He cannot consist of mere abstractions; He must be

concreted; He is therefore a rational animal. Thus the *reductio ad absurdum* is complete; we have discovered the god of the Ethical Society of Chicago; he is a rational animal.

MARK S. GROSS, S.J.

The Church and Mexico

ONE who is in touch with the active intellectual elements of the fighting factions in Mexico hears much talk about false and true revolutions and how to distinguish between them, for there is an active intellectual element, popular opinion to the contrary notwithstanding. It has a more or less definite organization, a far-reaching and entirely unconsidered influence, and bears a relation to the military organizations unique in the history of world warfare. But that is another story.

Of the many symptoms of insincerity and falsity in the present revolutionary movement the most glaring and pernicious is the effort to make it appear a religious war. Many arguments might be advanced in support of this assertion, but the one which makes all others unnecessary is the fact that, with few possible exceptions, the families of the revolutionary leaders are devout Catholics, and with the knowledge and consent, and frequently the active assistance of the said leaders, they attend to their religious duties as far as circumstances will permit. I am personally acquainted with the family of one revolutionary officer who has been charged with persecuting priests and looting churches. For some months his family lived in the United States, just across the border from the Mexican town where he had his headquarters. It was his invariable custom to send his automobile to take the family to Mass, no matter how urgently it might be required for other purposes. The antagonism of such a man is the result of external influences acting on his ambition and greed, and not an inner "true revolt" from principle.

During several years of rather confidential association with people and things in Mexico I have never heard a word uttered against the Church. I have heard much ranting about alleged abuses in the Church, delivered for the most part by men of mixed nationality, half Mexican or less, of foreign education, ideas, attachments and sympathies; in short, hired "spell-binders" employed for the specific purpose of inciting the people to acts which would widen the breach and deepen the impression that Mexico is in armed revolt against the Church.

The natural conclusion is that somebody wants something from Mexico which they do not expect to get as long as the Church is there and its influence active. The most important thing for all who love Mexico and desire its peace and prosperity, and all who are concerned with saving a nation to the Church, is to determine the source of that influence.

This did not originate as a religious war, and but for deliberate efforts to that end would never have assumed such an aspect. That such influence has been at work persistently and untiringly is well known, but it has never received the attention it demands. Not only has it been used to incite the inflammable populace to atrocities that otherwise never would have been committed, but it has been used to distort facts, color news, and insidiously mislead the Church in such manner as to make it impossible for her to distinguish between her friends and her enemies, and prevent their cooperation for the restoration of order.

One instance will serve to show how it is done: After a prolonged siege an important city surrendered to a detachment of the revolutionary army. The nuns fled but an old priest stayed on. After the smoke and debris of battle were

cleared away he resumed the routine of his peaceful life. Every evening he went and sat on his own particular bench on the plaza facing the open doors of the old church, where he gazed dreamily down the long, darkened aisle at the candles gleaming faintly on the altar, and ever and anon smiled benignly at his parishioners as they made their usual evening *paseo*. The only visible change was that on "plaza nights," when the band played and it was the custom for the officials of high degree to show themselves among the people, there was a new *jefe*, with a new coterie of aids around him. But they saluted the old priest respectfully and for awhile all went well.

Schools were opened, stores resumed business, all the people went about the accustomed affairs of life unmolested, and one day the commanding officer requested me to endeavor to get into communication with the nuns and give them a message from him. That message was a request that they return and take charge of their property and open their school, assuring them not only of protection, but of any aid they might require in their work. At the same time he made a general statement about his attitude toward the Church, desiring that the same be made public in the United States. That such action had been taken by him was well known to several members of his staff. Before his intentions could be carried out he was summoned to a distant State of the Republic. Immediately the subordinate officer whom he left in charge banished the old priest to the United States, looted the church and convent, and turned the soldiers loose in the parochial residence and gardens to hunt for hidden treasures which they believed to be buried there.

The officer who had been recalled from command never returned, and all efforts to communicate with him were fruitless. There are well-authenticated rumors that he was held a prisoner for many weeks while he was being publicly charged with the atrocities being committed by those whom he left behind. The man who was actually guilty drifted from one division of the army to another, serving under one leader and another, and, it is reported, was finally executed for treachery to the last.

Admitting the existence of ignorance and superstition, Mexico is nevertheless a Catholic country, and underneath and through it all is enough of the true Faith to survive. Without attempting to refute any charges, the fact still remains that for centuries the Church in Mexico shed the only ray of light that illumined that benighted land. Here and there along the fringes of civilization were scattered Protestant schools and churches, and in the centers of population free public instruction was being inaugurated, but these were accessible to only a few. On the far deserts, in the midst of waste places, in deep mountain gorges, wherever the people wandered in their hopeless search for an asylum, there the Church followed. There was erected a crude structure of adobe and stone, adorned within by clumsy but loving hands, and there some priest watched over the welfare of the little flock. The farmer who tilled the stony and arid fields, the goat-herder who watched the flocks, the women who ground the corn, and the children who played before the wretched *chozas*, paused from time to time and looked that way, and morning and evening they betook themselves thither for the comfort and hope which was offered nowhere else.

That priest had no concern with the politics of the country. He had little or no communication with the world outside and no knowledge of what was passing. His sole care was for the welfare of his humble parish, and the outer fields of the little *pueblo* marked the confines of his world. Such churches were to be found throughout the Republic. The most adventurous traveler had not penetrated to a spot where they had not gone before. Now they are deserted, the priest is

an exile, the people scattered, and marauding bands of soldiers stable their horses where the devout villagers prayed. The seed of that planting is trampled in the earth but it is not dead. Some day it will spring up and blossom and bear fruit an hundred fold.

If this is indeed a religious war which has for its object the entire elimination of Catholicism from the nation, it is destined to be a long one. It will not end until every woman and child now living in Mexico is dead, until every stone in every cathedral, and every adobe in every wayside chapel, and every cross on the far deserts has been laid low and there is not even a memory left to take root in the land.

The soul of Mexico is a dumb and chained soul, but it pleads eloquently with the free and unbound. Its voice is in the deserted churches that lift their silent belfries heavenward; it is in the abandoned convents where wounded boys crawl out into the sunshine of the *patio* and doves flutter like the spirits of forgotten prayers; it is in the anguished eyes which thousands of Mexican women turn toward the United States, holding hidden in their hearts the faith that in their last extreme hour through the Church here redemption will come.

It is a terrible thing to watch a human being die. It is more terrible to watch the death throes of a great nation. It is caught in the toils of avarice and greed and ambition, and is being slowly strangled before our eyes. Men who are strong and would have been honorable if they had been shown the way, women who are loving and would have been all that it is given woman to be, little children who can do no more than suffer and die, all have been gathered up together into a colossal web from which there appears no escape. Somewhere out of sight are the hands that spread the net and now are drawing the cords inch by inch, slowly and calculatingly crushing out the blood and breath of life. Who is strong enough to loosen the grasp of those awful hands? Who can break the net and set these people free? If not the Church then truly they are doomed!

E. C. HENDRIX.

The Advantages of Absence

IT is related in the chronicles of the Cistercian Order that the Abbot Flaminian of pleasant memory was in the habit of deliberately absenting himself from choir while certain daily prayers were being said. This remissness of the superior naturally gave great scandal to the community. The novices, having been taught to consider the lord abbot not only a dispenser of heavenly wisdom but an exemplar, as well, of strict observance, were shaken in their vocation by the sad spectacle of Flaminian's irregularity, while the older monks reproached themselves for having elected him abbot, and gloomily foresaw the gradual cooling of the monastery's fervor owing to his evil example. They had hoped better things of Flaminian. For in the flower of his youth, at the call of the cloister, he renounced his broad acres and, like a nobler Cincinnatus, leaving his oxen standing in the furrow, ran to the monastery door and neither slept nor ate till he had gained admission to the Order. There he quickly became so conspicuous for his keen intellect, executive ability and austere virtue that in a few years he was unanimously chosen abbot. But no sooner was he enthroned, alas! than he began to absent himself from choir whenever the Litany of the Saints was chanted.

At last Dom Candidus, the ancient of the monastery, determined, after long fasts and prayerful vigils, to entreat the lord abbot to mend his ways. So, throwing himself in tears at Flaminian's feet, Candidus cried: "Be no longer, Father, I implore you, a rock of scandal to the Brethren! Come to

Litanies every day!" Whereupon Flaminian, rising from his throne, embraced the ancient and, weeping softly, protested amid his sobs:

"I am inexpressibly grateful to you, Candidus, for your brotherly admonition. Nevermore will I absent myself from choir. I have been caught, as I now see clearly, by the wiles of Satan, for he came as an angel of light. It was in this wise: One evening, while I listened to the monks melodiously chanting those beautiful prayers, *Pro fratribus nostris absentibus*, my heart was filled with envy for those absent Brethren of ours who were able to enjoy, through the fervent intercession of the monks, precious blessings of which we who were present at Litanies were *ipso facto* deprived. 'Save Thy servants who hope in Thee, O my God,' I heard the Brethren sing. 'Send them help from the holy place,' 'And from Sion protect them.' So in my mistaken eagerness to profit by these prayers, my need of which I realized so well, I deliberately kept my cell during the time Litanies were being chanted. Meanwhile I was losing, of course, my share in the community's other prayers. But I now realize how lamentably the foul fiend deceived me. So in today's chapter I will humbly ask the Brethren's pardon for all the scandal I have given and my place in choir will be empty no longer." The abbot did as he promised, and thereafter so renowned for exact observance did his monastery become that emperors and kings would make long pilgrimages just to hear the monks sing the Office.

In a spirit not unlike that which kept the Abbot Flaminian away from the Cistercians' Litanies, Priscilla Perkins, who, it is recorded, dwelt in Salem, Massachusetts, in days of old, when New England was really New England, used to absent herself occasionally from the weekly meetings of the village sewing circle. "I wish the other members of the association," she would explain, "to have, now and then, an opportunity to discuss freely at the gathering all my shining virtues. That they may do this, therefore, with no embarrassment to me or to themselves, I will not attend every meeting of the circle, but prepare at home my quota of mufflers for the little Patagonians." This rare delicacy and considerateness on the part of Miss Perkins was highly appreciated by the other ladies of the village, for it was observed that the meetings she attended were never so enjoyable as were those from which she was absent. But none of the other members of the sewing circle, it was also noted, ever had the courage to remain away from a single session.

There are said to be Catholics alive today who resemble Flaminian and Priscilla. Denying himself, out of a sense of unworthiness, the spiritual advantages those reap who are exact in their religious duties, Sebastian, for instance, comes late to Mass and then seeks an obscure corner to pray in. He thus avoids indeed all ostentation in his piety, is in no danger of being forced blushing to take a lower place, and can echo without interruption the publican's prayer. No doubt it is a similar love of lowliness that keeps other Catholics from belonging to certain parochial organizations. "Prominent" Catholics whose names are conspicuously missing from St. Vincent de Paul conferences or Ozanam societies have doubtless weighed well in each instance the advantages of absence. Such affiliations, it is well known, confer but little social prestige, are absolutely unproductive financially, and, what is worse, are constantly demanding energy which could be more profitably expended on the golf links and are always requiring time which could be more pleasantly passed at the club.

Mildred, too, would dearly love to take up some Catholic social work, but her time is completely occupied with more important matters. Had she not so much shopping to do, she would be able to prepare that flock of little Italian chil-

dren for their First Communion; if the dances that she simply must attend were not so numerous, she could give an occasional evening to entertaining the working girls in that home the Sisters recently started; and if she could only omit some of her auto tours, time might be found for putting life into that Catholic reading circle to which Mildred is said to belong.

"*Noblesse oblige*, after all," she reflects. "A woman of my position in life cannot neglect her social duties. So I will ask the pastor of the Italian church to say a Mass for my intention, I will make the working girls' home a present of the plaque I lately decorated, and I will send the reading circle this interesting collection of novels I've just finished. Some of them, to be sure, could hardly be called Puritanical, but that reading circle is too narrow now any way, and these books will broaden their intellectual horizon." It is clear that Mildred thoroughly understands the blessedness of being away.

"It had been so with us, had we been there," the wicked King, realizing the advantages of absence, fervently remarked the night Prince Hamlet whipped his rapier out and poking it through the arras permanently cured from being over-curious the "unseen, good old man" Polonius. It was a similar admiration for the utility of absence that made another scion of a royal line eager to learn the place where he was destined to die so that he might pass the rest of his life keeping a thousand miles away from it. But Hamlet, let it not be forgotten, killed the King at last, and the day came when that other royal seeker began an everlasting absence from the haunts that knew him so well. In life both had valued too highly the fancied advantages of absence. Nay, Flaminian himself, holy ascetic though he was, fell a victim for a time to the devil's sophistries regarding the matter.

Profiting by the abbot's high example, the idle Mildreds and affluent Sebastians of the Church in this country should understand how far superior oftentimes to the advantages of absence and aloofness are the advantages of personal presence and of active interest. For today as never before works of zeal and charity depend for their success on the devotedness and self-sacrifice of the Church's laymen.

WALTER DWIGHT, S.J.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words.

American Catholic Architecture

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The grand Lamentations of Jeremias were not more pathetic than the note of "O. S." in your last week's issue, deploring the lack of Catholic educational institutions whose architecture is in any way worthy of interest or respect. To his almost heart-piercing cry, "Have We Nothing?" we must in truth reply, "Not very much." We will find it exceedingly difficult to call up more than three large educational structures in the entire length and breadth of the United States that deserve even a passing glance. A group plan never seems to have entered into the heads of those responsible for the edifices. Architecturally our Catholic schools, colleges and universities are vast arid deserts, broken only by Boston College, Boston, the new Regis High School, New York City, nor is the third to be seen until we reach the banks of the Mississippi, and the new Kendrick Seminary rises up like a vision to greet us, its majestic sweep of ordered arches carrying the mind back through the intervening centuries to the days of the Schoolmen. When you have named these three buildings you have well-nigh exhausted the list.

Everyone is agreed that the Catholic Church in this country should be embellished by structures of surpassing beauty, a delight to the weary eye, a refreshing stimulant to the tired mind, an outward evidence of the dignity and importance and prestige of the Universal Church, buildings to which we can point with genuine pride, and of which no amount of subsequent education will make us ashamed. But there is only one way to get them. We must start at the beginning. We must employ a competent architect, and the final word in selecting the architect must not be left to the local parish committee, composed of well-meaning men of unbounded faith, but of limited architectural knowledge. The parish barber, the corner grocer, the street railway conductor and the bookkeeper of the local tobacco factory may know all about their own avocations; that, however, does not fit them to pass upon questions of architecture. *Cuique credendum in arte sua*. The most important step of all is to get the right architect, and as much care should be used in his selection as we would employ in choosing a surgeon to perform a major operation upon our appendix.

We have spent too many millions of the hard-earned contributions of the poor on bad art and worse architects, and it is high time to call a halt. But I am not altogether a pessimist. Even though the interval may have been long and dreary, there is a good time coming; the east is streaked with silver, and we are beginning to notice our defects; witness, for instance, the letter of "O. S." A knowledge of our deficiencies is at least encouraging; there was a time when we were unable to detect even that much.

Competent Catholic architects and artists are ready at hand to produce glorious Christian architecture worthy of being compared with any that the past has to show; they have actually done it in the instances cited above; they are only waiting on bishops and priests to employ them, and there will rise up like an exhalation wondrous fabrics that will in every way rival the far-famed glories of the vanished past.

We talk entirely too much about the architectural greatness of the Church in bygone days; most of the talking is done by those who had an opportunity in this century to do something as great as any medieval patron of the arts. Let us act in the living present. Posterity will have only words of condemnation for well-nigh all of the Catholic architecture produced in the United States during the last one hundred years or more. The Middle Ages about which we boast so much never spent a tithe of the vast sums we lavish today on Jewish, atheistic and Protestant abominations sold from a catalogue under the mendacious name of art. Our Catholic papers carry advertisements of "churches, schools and hospitals prepared for immediate erection." Can we imagine the great cathedral builders of Notre Dame, or Reims, or Salisbury, or Durham, ordering a set of stereotyped plans through a mail-order house? Can we imagine a gargoyle sent by parcel-post? Yet that is what we are doing today, and we think the result is architecture.

Pittsburgh.

THOMAS F. COAKLEY, D.D.

Why No Protest?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It is passing strange what qualities of Catholicism exist around us. Times there are when we will proclaim our Faith to high heaven and stand four-square to the winds. Then nothing daunts us and even as David of old, we slay the modern Goliath of ignorance and bigotry. But there are periods when our lethargy is so great, that those who malign us go calmly on their way without hearing a word of protest from us. An instance of this apathy recently came home to me. I happened

not long ago, to stroll into one of our local moving picture theaters. I did not know the program, and it was the last exhibition of the film. But I had not been seated long before I discovered I was beholding Marie Corelli's notorious production, "Wormwood." Now, a Catholic does not have to look very long at this photo-play before receiving sharp and distinct chills in his spiritual spine, for the plot revolves about the misery caused by the sin of a young aspirant to the priesthood and it leaves the reader of the book as well as the viewer of the screen with a bad taste in his mouth. Yet this film had been on exhibition for three days and nights and surely some educated Catholic in our large Catholic population must have seen it or must have known that it was being produced. Yet there was not a word of protest heard. Who knows but that some one in whom the spark of faith was burning but feebly has had the spark quenched by this play?

Now, are we afraid to speak out for fear of being thought bigoted? If so, it would be well for some of us to read that admirable article in a recent number of the *Catholic World* entitled, "The Virtue of Bigotry." It is only a little while ago since the colored societies of our cities were protesting against the "Birth of a Nation," and in Newport they made such a vigorous protest that the picture was not shown there. Do our Catholic societies stand for nought but monthly meetings for the payments of dues and for indulging in gossip? I do not know whether such conditions prevail in other cities. I am ignorant of what type the Catholicism of New York and Boston is, except by report. But I am sure the quality is not insular as it is here. How do the Catholics in other cities fight these evils? What sort of weapons do they use and how do they wield them? If we succeed in driving from the screen, as we have almost driven from the stage, foul productions and unclean actions, then the world for the millionth time will be the heavy debtor of Catholicism.

Newport, R. I.

J. H. G.

A Novena for Mexico

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In one of the leaflets of the League of the Sacred Heart I have just noticed the feast-day of Our Lady of Ransom. I would suggest that readers of AMERICA make a novena to Our Lady of Ransom for the safeguarding of Catholic interests in Mexico. September 24 is the feast-day.

Rochester, N. Y.

J. MANDERY.

A Call for Action

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It seems to me, having traveled all over the United States during a period of eighteen years, if there is any deficiency in the Church's organization in our day, it is the lack of an organization for our people like the Y. M. C. A. We have permitted our non-Catholic friends to beat us all to pieces. Parish societies do much, but we need a central clearing house, in every large city, run on broad democratic lines for the common run of Catholics, where all must be welcome. Our young men, when the evening comes, don't know where to go. They would go to such a place as I refer to, if we had it, but alas! we have not, but we have the picture show, the dance hall and the saloon. The Church's service on Sunday night is uninteresting to the young. Who can compute the loss to the Church of the young men between eighteen and twenty-five after leaving school and college? As I say, I have traveled all over the United States, and I have been in every large city but the glad hand of Catholic welcome or sociability has never been offered to me, and how to spend an evening among fellow-Catholics in a strange city in social converse or sport, I have never been able to find out.

The discussion of the Y. M. C. A. is closed. It was very interesting, able, instructive. It demonstrated the great lack among us. Now that the discussion is closed, now that we have had "talk" enough, I wish to ask, who will start the ball rolling? What city will claim the honor of putting up the building and organizing the scattered units of individual Catholicism into a solid phalanx? My suggestion is, start modestly. Large oaks from little acorns grow. Start it going, somebody. AMERICA has given too much valuable space to the subject to have the matter come to nothing.

Indian Gap, Ky.

JOHN McDERMOTT.

English in Catholic Schools

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The expression regarding the teaching of the English language in our Polish parochial schools, in your issue of July 31, cannot pass without a strong protest. The findings of the professor of Greek are false and unjust. He makes so sweeping a statement that if challenged he could not prove it. His method of induction should enter into closer relationship with the science of logic. The fact of the case is that the Polish Catholic schools are doing justice to their children, because these schools allow them to reach the higher grades with a knowledge of the English language. Take the children of the Polish parochial schools in both the larger and smaller cities throughout the United States, and set them the same examinations in English that the pupils of the other schools, either parochial or public, take and the results will indicate that the Polish school children know English as well as the other children. I believe that the great majority of the Poles in the United States who were born here or who immigrated hither from foreign countries, if they have attended their parochial schools, can speak and write the English language fluently. A proof of this is the ably edited fortnightly periodical, *Free Poland*. It has been remarked that the mind of a Pole can master all foreign languages with the greatest of ease. Our parochial schools, owing to the able teachers they employ, give their pupils ample time and opportunity to study English.

Paynesville, Minn.

STANISLAUS B. KUZNIAK.

Large Families of the Poor

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Dr. O'Malley, in your issue of July 3, advocates what would be considered by many people an extraordinarily large family, and gives his reasons. It would be interesting to hear what he has to say to those eugenists and others who hold that the younger children of a large family are nearly always defective, and that poverty-stricken parents who undertake to raise a great many children are unable to give them the attention and education possible with a small family, besides having to forego many legitimate pleasures themselves and grow old before their time. I wonder if he would favor the readers of AMERICA with his opinion on that subject?

Brooklyn.

S. W. SYMONS.

Catholic Boy Scouts

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I have read with great interest a letter which appeared in AMERICA of July 17, signed R. W. O., in which he speaks of the advantages of a Catholic Boy Scout movement. It may interest you to know that we have been carrying out this idea for some time, not exactly, perhaps, as the writer wishes the idea followed, but with the idea of having boys who want to join a Boy Scout troop join Catholic troops under the conditions which are laid down in the letter from Cardinal Farley in which he authorizes these organizations.

New York.

VICTOR F. RIDDER.

A M E R I C A

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Leo Frank and Liberty of the Press

WHAT happened in Georgia last week is shocking beyond the power of words to express. A man, nominally at least, under the care of the State, is aroused at midnight, taken nearly a hundred miles across the country, and murdered. The dastards who plotted this revolting crime were not men stung into a fury equivalent to insanity, by the recital of some nameless outrage against an innocent child. They had planned coolly; schemed deliberately; they had counted the cost with care; they had used their intellects to enable them to act with the studied cruelty of devils.

To recount the incidents, pathetic and horrible, which surround this murder, would serve no good purpose. A greater crime than that for which Leo M. Frank, guilty or innocent, was condemned to pass his life in prison, was committed by the mob which as the sun rose, knotted a rope about the bruised and bleeding throat of a defenseless man. For these armed cowards flouted the law, trampled upon justice, destroyed as far as they could the very foundations of civilization. No decent citizen can think of the brutal murder of Leo M. Frank, or of that mob of five thousand who stood beneath the swaying corpse in an approval that was not silent, without asking himself in deep shame, if there be any way to eliminate those malign influences in our modern life which make such horrors possible.

One way may here be suggested. The man who led the mob that murdered Leo M. Frank is a fanatic, who has brought the vilest charges against the Catholic Church. By foul and calumnious accusations against the children of the Church, he has not hesitated to stir up blind and unreasoning hatred of everything Catholic. He was not there in person; but for weeks the pages of his abominable publication had been divided between calumny of the Catholic Church and threats of violence against any who might wish to show the innocence of this con-

demned and hated Jew. There were many who defended this indecent product of a brain crazed by ignorance and hatred, on the plea of "liberty of the press." Has it been forgotten that if the Constitution guarantees the liberty of the press, it no less rigorously holds those who abuse this liberty to strict accountability? And can any man in his senses defend in the name of liberty the vile outpourings of fanatics like this "Georgia Pole-cat," Thomas Watson, against the Catholic Church?

Calumny cannot hurt the Church; but it can and will hurt those simple and ignorant non-Catholics who believe it, and it can and will hurt the State which tolerates, if it does not protect, these sowers of discord. The foul-minded and the densely ignorant, for whom alone their message has any appeal, will listen for a time; then they will act, with the hatred and savagery that only fanatics can display. This land of the free and home of the brave has ere this seen Catholic men, women and children murdered in their beds by anti-Catholic mobs; it has seen convents wrecked, churches burned, and the homes of the Catholic dead defiled. We need not shake a saintly and horrified head over Jew-baiting in Russia. We have crimes of our own to expiate. And assuredly we shall have more of them, if with the connivance of authorities who have ample legal warrant for repressive action, the campaign of hatred against the Catholic Church, against decency and against civilization, is allowed to pursue its destructive course in the name of "liberty."

The Pope and the Kaiser

THE *Osservatore Romano* some time ago warned all Catholics and "impartial persons of every country" against determining the attitude of the Holy See on the present European conflict from the imaginings of reporters who seek sensational "copy." But the editor of the *Presbyterian* not being, presumably, in the number of the "impartial persons" addressed, perhaps feels free to disregard the warning. For in a kindly and religious spirit he tells his readers that, "A rumor is growing in intensity and wideness to the effect that the Pope and the Kaiser are in collusion in this present war," a rumor which is "more and more confirmed" by such recent events as the *Te Deum* "sung in the Church of Santa Maria del Amma (*sic*) in Rome, in honor of the Kaiser's birthday, while, in connection with the celebration of the funeral of the Belgian priests killed by the Germans, but one cardinal was present."

Last November, Cardinal Gasparri reminded Cardinal Sevin, Archbishop of Lyons, that "from the beginning of the present war the Holy See . . . set itself to observe, and has constantly observed the strictest and most absolute impartiality toward the different belligerents," and the Holy Father himself in the Allocution he delivered last January observed that "It would be neither proper nor useful to entangle the Pontifical authority in the disputes between the belligerents," for the Roman

Pontiff being the "Vicar of Jesus Christ who died for all," "must embrace all combatants in the same sentiment of charity."

But, alas! what weight has an official utterance of the Holy See compared with the cumulative evidence to the contrary which a Protestant magazine can adduce! For the *Presbyterian* doubtless has a Roman correspondent who is more competent than any one else to catch in a twinkling the drift of Papal opinion. Had the Holy Father only been wise enough to take counsel with the *Presbyterian* he would, of course, have forbidden absolutely any observance in Rome of a fellow-sovereign's birthday, and would have attended in person, accompanied by the entire College of Cardinals, the Belgian priests' obsequies. Moreover, to remove dark suspicions from the minds of certain British and American editors, his Holiness should mount forthwith the pinnacle of St. Peter's, solemnly ban with bell, book and candle every German, Turk and Austrian who has arms in his hands, excommunicate by name every Catholic who is fighting against the Allies, and then lay the Austrian Empire under an interdict. In this way the Pope would show beyond all cavil his high neutrality. But instead, to the keen distress of his beloved son, the editor of the *Presbyterian*, his Holiness is in manifest "collusion" with the Kaiser, the latest indication of this lamentable want of neutrality doubtless being the Pope's appeal to all nations of Europe to stop this dreadful carnage and make peace.

Spreading "Lascivious Fictions"

HENRY VAUGHAN, the Caroline poet, lived in an age of which the popular taste in books and plays resembled that which characterizes our times, for the drama of the Restoration was notoriously corrupt and a great deal of erotic literature was written. So keenly did the pious author of the "Silex Scintillans" realize the lasting evil a bad book does, and how heavy is the responsibility before God of those who produce and spread unclean reading matter, that he observed in the preface to his beautiful poems:

If every idle word shall be accounted for, and if no corrupt communication shall proceed out of our mouths, how desperate (I beseech you) is their condition, who all their lifetime, and out of mere design, study lascivious fictions: then carefully record and publish them, that instead of grace and life, they may minister sin and death unto their readers? It was wisely considered, and piously said by one, that he would read no idle books; both in regard of love to his own soul, and pity unto his that made them, for (said he) if I be corrupted by them, their Composer is immediately a cause of my ill: and at the day of reckoning (though now dead) must give an account for it, because I am corrupted by his bad example, which he left behind him: I will write none lest I hurt them that come after me; I will read none, lest I augment his punishment that is gone before me. I will neither write, nor read, lest I prove a foe unto my own soul: while I live, I sin too much; let me not continue longer in wickedness, than I do in life. It is a sentence of sacred authority, that he that is dead, is freed from sin; because he

cannot in that state, which is without the body, sin any more; but he that writes idle books, makes for himself another body, in which he always lives, and sins (after death) as fast and as foul, as ever he did in his life; which very consideration deserves to be a sufficient antidote against this evil disease.

But the doctrine thus quaintly laid down by "the Silurist" is far too lofty, no doubt, for the average author and publishers of our times to follow. The production of books has largely become a commercial enterprise, pure and simple. The publisher's aim is to put into the hands of readers, as rapidly as possible, at the least possible expense to himself, and in as large quantities as possible, the "books they want." Just as the purveyor of the salacious play or the suggestive film lamely tries to justify himself by saying, "After all we only give the people what they want," there are publishing houses that seem to offer the same excuse for deluging the world with novels that smell to heaven. Not only the authors and publishers, however, of unclean or poisonous literature, "must give an account for it" "at the day of reckoning," but those also who are such foes of their own souls as to read "lascivious fictions" themselves and then by recommending them to friends and acquaintances "minister sin and death" to others, will likewise be held responsible for the evil that is done.

May Irwin, Catholics, and the Constitution

IN a letter to Mr. Elihu Root, Miss May Irwin suggests an amendment to the Constitution of the State of New York. As a *comédienne*, Miss Irwin is well known, but the public has not accustomed itself to think of her as a student of constitutional law. This lady would invoke the majesty of the imperial commonwealth to destroy "the two great besetting evils of the stage." The first of these two evils is the ticket-speculator; the second is the high price of tickets.

It would be easy to add to this brief list of evils. New York has become a forcing bed, not for dramatic compositions, but for theatrical exhibitions which, in the words of a Chicago newspaper critic, are "simple and undisguised appeals to lubricity." After a prosperous winter in the metropolis, these productions are sent on the road to spread the gospel of eroticism throughout a country in which sixteen million Catholics flourish. Occasionally a few of the sixteen million protest. Occasionally, as in St. Louis and Cincinnati, the vigilance of the Catholic Federation has either darkened the house to some of these exhibitions, or forced them into a rudimentary decency which destroyed their poisonous appeal.

If anything of this sort has ever been done by the Catholics of New York, their action has escaped all notice. Our priesthood has been linked with rottenness, the angelic purity of our Sisters flaunted before a rabble, the sanctity of womanhood outraged by a dancer known as a wanton in two continents, nay, (and O, the shame of it!) little children have been exposed half-naked on the

public stage. But our New York Catholics have not been inactive. Not at all. Despite the ticket-speculators and the high price of tickets, they buy, they visit, they gloat, they write letters deploring AMERICA'S narrowness and bigotry. These things are Art, you know. So they are; the very flower of an art that flourishes only on corruption.

The Cult of St. Christopher

ON a Long Island road much frequented by motor cars a little church is being built which will be dedicated to St. Christopher. The late Pope, it is said, named him patron of autoists, and suitably inscribed medals have been struck in his honor. Without question, St. Christopher is an appropriate guardian of the reckless and arrogant race of motorists. For he had resolved, while yet a heathen, to serve none but the bravest and strongest, and after his conversion devoted his giant's brawn to bearing travelers in safety across a perilous stream.

So the new church, let us hope, will now become a place of pilgrimage for soul-sick or body-battered motorists. Ex-votos, in the form of rent veils, broken goggles, pierced tires, exploded carbureters, surgeons' receipted bills, and attestations of acquittal by rural justices, will soon be found, no doubt, gracing the saint's shrine, and miraculous escapes from arrest or collision will, of course, be the subject of noble paintings and bas-reliefs that will adorn the church's walls. Moreover the piety of the saint's clients will equal their munificence, for every Sunday they will assist at Mass, before the motor tour.

What an enviable opportunity, moreover, the pastor of St. Christopher's will have of driving home, whenever he preaches, those virtues in which autoists, as a class, are so lamentably deficient! Meekness, lowliness, sobriety, self-restraint, reverence for the law, kindly feelings toward pedestrians and policemen, the shunning of the spirit of boastfulness, love of home, and the perils of extravagance will naturally be the ground-matter of his sermons. Then what a wealth of apposite tropes and figures he can draw from the autoist's daily life! The fleeting nature of this perishable world, the need we have of a firm-handed and experienced guide during our journey heavenward, the advantages of traveling a smooth, straight and well-lighted road thither, and yet how often, nevertheless, we must be ready to look unafraid into the bright face of danger: these are, doubtless, some of the lessons that St. Christopher's devout congregation will be eloquently taught. "Whoever shall behold the image of St. Christopher shall not faint or fall on that day," was the comforting assurance that his wayside statues of old gave wayfarers. Then this new cult of St. Christopher, as the patron and protector of autoists, if their faith is strong, should lessen appreciably the number of motor car accidents that happen in our cities and on our highways.

The End of the World?

IS the world coming to an end? The smoke of Vesuvius, foreboding a new eruption, revived the question that rose promptly in people's minds at the outbreak of the present great war. Many heard the question at first only in the silence of their own minds, but as nation after nation entered the vast conflict that inner voice, shut up in its solitary chamber, became more insistent and even panicky, and man with man communicated his fear, in seeking to assuage it. Some good people, it is true, may have rejoiced to see the answer to their question developing in the signs of the world around about them, but most people, loving the world, watched the development, if they watched at all, only with dismay. They remembered that in those last days the order of nature was to be changed, and they recognized in these rumblings of war and of the earth the thunder that was to precede, not follow, the lightning flash of the general conflagration.

But despite the world war, and the quakings of nature, and the infidelity of the day, this too, too solid earth in all probability is not going to melt yet. It is now almost 1900 years since that question of the near end of the world first arose, and the consequent fear was first started in the minds of many of the first Christians with Christ's predictions still ringing fresh in their ears. "The dead who are in Christ," said St. Paul, "shall rise first. Then we who are alive, who are left, shall be taken up together with them in the clouds to meet Christ, into the air, and so we shall be always with the Lord." St. Paul never meant to say that the coming of Christ at the end of the world was so near that he and his hearers were going to be alive at the time, but many of his hearers misunderstood him in that sense. Again in the fifth century when Rome, the head of the Western Empire, was struck to the ground by the barbarians, contemporaries of the event saw in it the beginning of the end. A world without Rome for mistress was beyond their imagination. The Reformers of the sixteenth century knew the Pope for Anti-Christ and the contemplated fall of the Papacy for the dawn of the millenium; it is only a hundred years ago since William Miller and his Adventist brethren saw the same visionary gleam, and Mormons and other religious sects are waiting for it now. Indeed, the latest book on the subject has fixed the time of the end definitely for this year of grace 1915.

But the wheel still turns on the cistern and the pitcher still goes to the well. There is to be some consolation along with all the desolation that is to come at the end of time, conversions as well as apostasy, and Christ coming in victory over Anti-Christ. There are myriads of Jews and Gentiles to be converted before the visible Kingdom of Christ, in any sense, shall come into this world. Above all the interpretations of the signs of the end of the world, there is, however, one thing certain: that it will come unexpectedly, like death itself. But just

now the accidents of daily life are more likely to bring us death, than "the voice of the archangel" or "the trumpet of God" to call us to Judgment. What is of supreme importance is that the end, in either case, find us among those "who are in Christ."

LITERATURE

The Neo-Celts

THE Neo-Celt is always and never; on examination we find that, unlike the poet, he is not born but only made to supply a varying demand; the antiquity and uncertainty of his origins may be gauged from the resemblance he usually bears, not only to the *Tuatha De Dannann* but to that other mysterious race known, especially in American genealogies, as the "Scotch-Irish."

For an unearthly, fleshless being is the Neo-Celt, and, as he tells us, his abode and sustenance are largely matters of mist and dream and gossamer, which may in a way explain more than one Neo-Celt of pronounced Hebrew features. Nor can we detect the dreamy Celt in many of the leaders of the movement, whose names have been put into vogue on both sides of the English-speaking world with such industrial effect, names of Johns, Jameses and Josephs spelled with "sh," and the Patricks with a "g."

The Neo-Celt defies definition except in so far as he is neither Neo nor Celt. The term is now ten or twenty years old and has "suffered a sea-change," which reminds us that "ever young and fair" and Neo were also the comrades of Mangan, Emmet, Davis, and Boyle O'Reilly of still earlier days; Neo, too, were the disciples of the coffee-and-pistols times of the Lovers and Levers, of "The Colleen Bawn" school, and of the blackthorn and shillelagh "uplifters"; Neo, too, were the light gazelles, the bulbuls and Fatimas that have given way to the Deirdres, Maeves and Cuchullins of later bards.

And what Celts are these Neo-Celts! How unlike the long swarm of the children of famine and outrage, sons and daughters of a dozen revolutions that took up the axe, the shovel and the musket, and earned their station as Americans! They called themselves Irish, knew nothing about the Celts, and surrendered their very name of Gael, as their ancestors had that of Scot, to the Sandies who were measuring linens over American counters, while other Celts, the Bretons, were fishing off our banks, and their Cymbrian brethren were watching their flocks in the great Northwest, without ever a thought of Renan and his "Poesie Celtique," or a suspicion that Lady Gregory would ever desert her Welsh propaganda to take up with Cuchullin, and Finn Mac Cool, and the Abbey Theater.

And the descendants of this old stock from Ireland, filled with traditions of a grimmer and perhaps inferior time, though for that matter there is room for doubt, may well be surprised at some of the youths and maidens who have been arriving from the Isle of Saints and exploiting themselves in New York and Boston with the latest utterances of Continental Socialism and anarchy, carping more or less publicly at the forces in Church and State that for centuries have been the bulwarks of Irish nationality; advocating faction and disunion both here and abroad, with a not quite concealed scorn for the old-fashioned immigrant whose hands dug deep from American rock the wage that sustained their native land through so many a battle against starvation and tyranny. When that master-mountebank of letters, George Bernard Shaw, took occasion to hurl his grossest

insults at these pioneers and their descendants, how much protest was there ever heard from these Neo-Celts?

It was a delight, some twenty years ago in America, to hail the new spirit of art and poetry arising in Ireland. Aubrey de Vere was yielding up the bardic wand of "the old order," while from off the Continent came the promptings of the German Romanticists of "the Blue Flower," and the symbolists of France and Belgium, to teach a W. B. Yeats, an Ethna Carbery, an A. E. Russell, new mediums of expression and interpretation of the racial spirit and traditions of the Celt. English poetry at large recognized it as an opportune occasion, for literature, falling into a Byzantine aridity, showed that the end of another cycle was at hand. In the plastic arts the Celtic movement was both a voice and a vindication. In suggestion and rhythm it was the native phrasing of the visions of the Impressionists and the tonal instinct of a Brahms, Charpentier and Debussy.

To the Irish at home and abroad the movement had still deeper significance; for them it was a real renaissance, a more or less definite demonstration that their claims to be an artistic people are valid and sincere. What they had failed to accomplish by force of arms and argument was now to be accomplished by the power of persuasion. The Celt, known to letters and the stage almost only as a comic figure, suddenly became the hero and heroine of ghostly, tapestried settings; the red-headed, freckled-faced blunderer, through the power of poetry and a fad, was transmogrified into the hazel-eyed dreamer of Tir-na'n-Og, while the bonnet and shawl of the Widow Machree vanished before the more athletic sorrows of a Deirdre and a Grainne. For all that, it was a splendid moment, and carp as we do at some of the pretensions of latter-day Neo-Celts, let the service of their leaders be never forgotten. But, alas! the Neo-Celt has now become a syndicate. He dreams no more apart; he proclaims himself a *vox populi*, a leader in theology and politics. What was at first an inspiration becomes a program, and again there follows the breaking of heads and egg-shells. "The Playboy" turns pedagogue; Flaubert and Maupassant burst in upon the Neo-Celt's "midsummer-night's dream," and detect the middle-aged poet Yeats putting his mist into mysticism, like a wise old alchemist who would have a patent medicine to sell.

The splendid moment seems over: and yet there is no lack of Neo-Celtic bards and sages who know all things except Gaelic; wonderful pagans, and druidic lads and lasses dropping their scapulars, beads and blessed medals for Tara brooches and undecipherable Oghams. Love of country is beautiful; it is especially beautiful when that country is unhappy and in need; but when the *sidhe* have banished the angels, and the love-god "Lord Angus" takes the place of the Lord Christ on more than one of these dreamy mouths, it would be well to look before praising.

The Masque of the *Tuatha De Dannann* is coming to a close, behind Deirdre of the Sorrows, of Diarmuid of the Love Spot, and Nuada of the Silver Hand, can it be possible that we are about to discover the composite features of the fabled "Scotch-Irish"? George Moore, feathering his buzzard wings with Zola, sweeps over the Neo-Celtic field. He has sighted the absurd exaggeration into which the movement is degenerating, the imitation, the pretence, the second-hand literary clothing from the Latin Quarter and Unter den Linden, and the swarm of half-baked Reds, Radicals, and so-called Realists that have routed the old guard of Maeterlinck and Yeats and their camp-followers.

It seems an opportune moment to ask how the great tradition of Goldsmith, Moore, Mangan and the De Veres is likely to be maintained; the Neo-Celts delivered a message, and all literatures, as well as our own, have taken new life

and refreshment of spirit from the precious leaven they transmitted from the parchments of the ancient Gael and Cymrian. Now we have need of a new Irish poetry, not imitations of the little vanished school, but a lofty and vigorous chorus that will keep alive the memories of the spiritual mission of the Gael amid the buzz and roar of the industrialism that will claim his newer generations. There will be need of new Irish drama, not the factional thing, nor the purulent thing that would make of the brogue a new vehicle to the ears weary of the scabrous whispers of Montmartre. It is announced that the tiny theaters in New York, Boston, Chicago and San Francisco will have Irish players; some clean, honest work in such quarters will be very welcome.

America has plenty of room for every artist and craftsman the Neo-Celt can spare her; but the demand for blackthorns and bogwood bric-à-brac has been much over-supplied. Certainly it seems strange to find the back-parlors of Boston echoing to mispronunciations of the names of "The Red Branch" and Fenian heroes, names that are never sounded at all in the homes of their descendants. It has been the disaster of more than one of the Neo-Celts to find here only "the tender mercies" of aliens; but the majority may be sure that their own kinsfolk observe and admire them enough to warrant a kindly warning and criticism.

THOMAS WALSH.

REVIEWS

The Popes and Science. The History of the Papal Relations to Science During the Middle Ages and Down to Our Time. By JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., Ph.D., Notre Dame Edition. Illustrated. Fiftieth Thousand. New York: Fordham University Press. \$2.50.

In the well-stored armory of facts which Dr. Walsh gave us in his first edition of "The Popes and Science," a few weapons were missing. They have now been supplied. One hundred pages of appendixes have greatly added to what was already a solid and substantial work. Convincing proofs are there furnished in the added documents, that the loud-heralded opposition of the Popes to science is absolutely unfounded. The reader will find in authentic texts from the "Corpus Juris Canonici" and Tomasetti's "Bullarium," the famous Bull of Boniface VIII with regard to burials, which was distorted into a prohibition of dissection; the Decree of John XXII, forbidding the pretended making of gold and silver, but which is falsely claimed to have hampered the progress of chemistry; the Bull of the same Pope prohibiting certain magical practices and thus protecting his flock against sharpers and charlatans. This is the famous Bull, it will be remembered, that furnished Dr. Andrew White with the opportunity of showing the Pope sunk, in spite of his infallibility, in the most abject and degrading superstition!

Two other Bulls of John XXII authorizing the institution of chairs of medicine and arts in the University of Perugia and the foundation of a university in his native city of Cahors will convince every fair-minded reader of the Pontiff's high regard for the cause of education in general and his very special interest in the noble profession of medicine. In the fifth appendix Catholics will read with pride and non-Catholics with surprise of the work done for the progress of their art by the great "Papal Physicians." Beginning with Ursus, physician to Pope Nicholas I, Dr. Walsh brings the roll of honor down to the physician of Pius X, Professor Marchiafava, an authority on malaria, and a prominent factor in the world-wide movement against alcoholism. Two final appendixes, "Science in America" and "The Danger of a Little Knowledge," will especially appeal to the present-day reader. Reinforced by the new facts dug out by the writer,

this fine edition of "The Popes and Science" should effectually dispose of many slanders and misrepresentations which have thrived too successfully and too long. J. C. R.

The Parents' Guide: a Manual of Child Nature and Nurture Prepared by THE EDITORIAL BOARD OF THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY with the Assistance of MICHAEL V. O'SHEA, DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER, WILLIAM BYRON FOBRUSH, CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK, WILLIAM A. MCKEEVER, JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS, Rev. HENRY F. COPE, CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY and Many Others. Two Volumes. New York: The University Society. \$6.50.

This work is a mine of valuable counsel for parents. The first volume, which is not meant for children to see, is full of advice for mothers and directions for the physical care of little ones, contains useful and practical chapters on home equipment and on cultivating the amenities of domestic life. The Rev. Henry F. Cope's paper on "The Conservation of the Home" is particularly good. The necessarily conjectural chapters on eugenics contain little that is of value and had best been omitted. The seasonable instruction of children about themselves is wisely declared the parents' duty, but Catholic educators will hardly subscribe to all that is here written about "sex hygiene."

The second volume of the "Parents' Guide" treats chiefly of the mental and moral training of children, and it may be said in general that the practical part of the matter is of more value than the theoretical, for the latter is not always based on sound psychology. Corporal punishment, old-fashioned parents will be glad to note, is admitted to be useful and necessary. Many of the chapters dealing with "Religious Life" are of course unsatisfactory to Catholics as was to be expected in a book intended for parents of all beliefs. Any attempt to teach morals without dogmas must prove particularly futile.

To this volume Cardinal Gibbons contributes a valuable paper on "The Mission of Christian Parents" and Father Tierney, the editor of AMERICA, a trenchant article on "Catholic Children's Moral Training." "The Parents' Guide" is provided with an excellent index and with a "Syllabus as was to be expected in a book intended for parents of all beliefs. Any attempt to teach morals without dogmas must prove particularly futile."

The Note-Book of an Attaché. By ERIC FISHER WOOD. New York: The Century Co. \$1.60.

This is the diary of a young American who was studying architecture in Paris when the war-cloud burst a year ago, and who thereupon took up duties in the American Embassy in Paris, early in August. During the fall of last year Mr. Wood made four different trips to the front, and was a witness of part of the battle of the Marne and the Aisne and the drive for Calais. During December and January he was a dispatch-bearer between the American Embassies in the different countries at war, returning to the United States toward the end of February. His account of doings in the war-zone is made up from letters and diaries, which were written at the time he was in the service of the American Government. Though in sympathy with the French cause, Mr. Wood's book is fair, and the reader gets what is rare in the general run of books dealing with the war, a presentation of facts free from exaggeration.

In the author's opinion the German soldier is superior physically to any of the fighting units; excepting the Swiss, he places the German second to no soldier in Europe. The Russian impressed him as having the lowest order of intelligence, the Hungarian a keen fighting instinct, the German dogged courage, the French as being better winners than losers; and for fighting qualities that he considers essential, Eric Wood prefers the English regulars. "They are calm and

patient under most adverse circumstances. They do not lose control of themselves in victory or defeat." After seeing Europe in arms Mr. Wood is convinced that our own American regular soldier can out-shoot, out-march and out-think the line soldier of any country he has seen. His only regret is that our standing army is so small. Again he believes that no body of officers surpasses our own West Point graduates, yet he adds we have "fewer of these than Germany has generals." The last entry in his diary is characteristic. It was written on February 14: "I last night boarded the steamship Lusitania at Liverpool, and sailed for that land of skyscrapers, electric signs and telephones, the land which has been called opulent, aggressive and unprepared."

G. C. T.

Wales and the Wars of the Roses. By HOWELL T. EVANS, A.M. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.00.

This is the work of a specialist, written for specialists, and for persons interested in the history of Wales. English historians, in their accounts of the disastrous and confusing Wars of the Roses, have but little to say of the part played by the Welsh, though a Welshman, mainly by the aid of the Welsh, put an end to the long-continued strife, brought peace and prosperity to the country, and fixed himself and his Tudor successors on the English throne for 118 years. Mr. Evans makes up for the shortcomings of Saxon writers, and gives full credit for their activity to the men of the Principality, whether Norman or Cymry. He draws on the songs of the native bards for the kernel of truth they contain and wisely, too, as our historian checks their accounts by reference to more sober narrative and official documents. The work is extremely interesting and, after the stage is set for the drama, pleasant to read. A question that will naturally arise in the mind of the reader of the present day, when the nationality of small countries is engaging more and more attention, is, "Why did not some leader direct the valor of his countrymen against the foreigner and the conqueror?" They had grievances in abundance, refusal of citizenship, exclusion from cities, and the contempt which the English are wont to extend to the conquered. How easy it would have been for a man like Jasper Tudor to appeal through the bards to the national spirit, to unite first all the Lancastrian Welsh, about half the inhabitants, hold Harlech against the king, secure the aid of Louis XI, which might be his for the asking against Edward IV, and with Harlech as a base extend his sway by degrees over the country. What an additional ring of enthusiasm "Men of Harlech" would have for the Welshman of today. This is one more of the might-have-beens which Providence kept amongst the possibilities.

P. J. D.

The New International Encyclopædia. Vols. IX-XII: Foraminifera—Image Worship. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The disastrous war in Europe interferes even with the compilation of an American encyclopedia. Happily, however, the trouble it made for the editors of the "New International" has been overcome in great measure, and the publication of the different volumes goes on as outlined in the original program. These four, which include articles on countries so intimately connected with the conflict as France, Galicia, Germany, Hungary and Italy, have been brought up to date and will be found of special interest and service in following the general details of the struggle. The more comprehensive review of the sanguinary events abroad will appear in a definite article on the war which will be printed in one of the last volumes long before the appearance of which, it is to be hoped, peace will be restored. Europe and its

politics and turmoils, however, are not the main concern of the editors of the "International." The present volumes show, as did their predecessors, that more than ordinary attention has been paid to the presentation of a great variety of topics having immediate interest for the American reader in quest of encyclopedic information. In this respect it seems strange that so far none of the editors of the general encyclopedias has thought it worth while to include in the table of contents separate articles on the hundred and two Catholic dioceses into which our country is divided. These volumes of the "International," for instance, might take in eight of them: Fort Wayne, Galveston, Grand Rapids, Great Falls, Green Bay, Harrisburg, Hartford and Helena, a territory extending over an area of 253,655 square miles, in six States and with a Catholic population of 1,067,884. Here we have eight distinct ecclesiastical divisions and foundations, each with statistics, and social, historical and economical facts of general information and value, that could be put in a short space. A search for this data now would be vain in the encyclopedia; neither could it be found in the general article on the Catholic Church in the United States which of course could not be made expansive enough to take in all local details. Perhaps some future editor may see the advantage of having such additions to the attractions of his encyclopedia; perhaps it is our own fault that, up to present, the necessity of such attention to the providing of this kind of information for the public has not been manifest.

T. F. M.

Field Book of Western Wild Flowers. By MARGARET ARMSTRONG. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.00.

This charming book is, the author says, "the first attempt to supply a popular field book for the whole West." As she is particular to define the term and tell us that by "the West" she understands the States of Washington, Oregon, California, Idaho, Nevada, Utah and Arizona, there is no need to quarrel with the title. We may suggest, though, that "Wild Flowers of the Far West" would be, to our mind, more appropriate. The author had for a collaborator J. J. Thorner, Professor of Botany in the University of Arizona; and this, no doubt, is the reason why a partisan of the Northwest might think that Washington and Oregon have not received all the attention they deserve. There are some flowers widely distributed, but found in their perfection only in some special locality. Take, for instance, the *Ribes* or Wild Currant. It grows in California, it is true, where its blossom is the magnificent thing shown in the illustration at page 212. But it also grows all along the coast as far north as Alaska, and those who have seen its deep crimson blooms hanging in large clusters amid the moist spring woodlands of Western Washington and Vancouver Island know it as a very different thing from its southern sister. When, however, one considers what the far West is, its many climates, its various conditions of soil, elevation, environment, the natural richness of much of its extent—the uncultivated part of the 150 acres on which the writer lives in California gives over fifty species of spring flowers—it becomes clear that a field-book of Western wild flowers was a formidable task. That there is room for improvement is no argument that the work has not been done well. The line drawings are good, and the colored plates, the author's own work, are very attractive.

H. W.

New Poems. By ROBERT BROWNING and ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.35.

This is not a contribution transmitted through the gates of ivory or horn, but a publication occasioned by the dispersal of the Browning manuscripts in 1913, containing twenty-nine

posthumous poems by Robert Browning and six by Mrs. Browning. Seven of the former have never appeared in print before and, being mere scraps or trifles, might just as well never have appeared in print at all. Twelve are to be found in existing editions of Browning's poems. The remaining ten have appeared only in periodicals, and may be alleged as the justification of the present volume. If the entire truth must be told, even this justification hangs by a slender thread. One poem, however, "Aeschylus' Soliloquy," is so endowed with the familiar R. B. masculinity and insight that we are inclined to think it may repay the reader for the purchase of the rest.

Mrs. Browning hardly fares better. For although all six poems are new to the general public and are long enough to occupy some sixty pages, yet their perusal convinces one not so much of Mrs. Browning's poetical power as of her good judgment in keeping them in manuscript. The book concludes with forty pages of Mrs. Browning's criticisms on her husband's poems, but the remarks are too minute to be of general interest. This is a description of the volume in hand. To students of the Brownings it may furnish matter for dissertation, and to the devotee it will no doubt afford fresh material for worship; but one who is neither and merely loves poetry for poetry's sake will find, I fear, little to console him.

F. M. C.

Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics. Edited by JAMES HASTINGS. Vols. I to VII. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$7.00 each.

This vast work, begun two years ago, has now been brought to the completion of its seventh nine-hundred page eight-by-eleven-inch volume, which starts with Dr. Pinche's account of the hymns that were sung in ancient Babylon and ends with Mr. Pope's idea of Christian liberty. The articles contributed by Catholics to this latest volume are Father Thurston's Jesuits, Dr. Boudinhon's Index and Indulgences, Dr. Fortescue's Iconoclasm and Christian Law, Dr. Casartelli's Iranian King and Law and Father Joyce's article on Invincible Ignorance. Just what qualifications Dr. Curtis, who is a Protestant admirer of the Actonians, had for writing about the Infallibility of the Pope is not clear, and Dr. Douglas Mackenzie, in the course of the forty-five pages he writes on Our Lord, has a fine opportunity to expound the views of all the modern rationalists concerning Him, and from the bibliography the reader will gather that scarcely a Catholic theologian ever wrote about Christ. As "The Encyclopædia of Ethics and Religion," for all its learning, is to a large extent the melancholy record of the world's aberrations from Divine truth and right reason, and a huge storehouse of mankind's religious and philosophical heresies, it is a book that constantly requires as an antidote and corrective a work like "The Catholic Encyclopedia." Most of the contributors whose services Dr. Hastings has enlisted are of a rationalistic habit of mind, and many of them freely accept the materialistic, anti-Christian "conclusions of modern scholarship." "The Encyclopædia of Ethics and Religion," therefore, is not a work that Catholics can safely read.

W. D.

Early English Hero Tales. Told by JEANETTE MARKS. New York: Harper & Bros. \$0.50.

Æsop's Fables. Edited by J. H. STICKNEY. Boston: Ginn & Co. \$0.40.

The Arabian Nights' Entertainments. Told for Young People by MARTHA A. L. LANE. Boston: Ginn & Co. \$0.50.

"Bobby," asked the week-end visitor, taking the five-year-old son of a scientist on his knee, "are there any fairies in these woods?"

"No," replied the sophisticated youth, "but there is a marvelous variety and profusion of edible fungi." This is a joke from the venerable *Youth's Companion*; at least it is submitted in all good faith as a joke, a witticism, a provoker of risibility; but it is as sad as anything in Harvey's "Meditations among the Tombs." The child that has not been brought up on Mother Goose, Æsop, Santa Claus, fairy tales and Bible stories has been cheated out of a large share of his birthright. Perhaps the twentieth-century parent hasn't time to introduce his children into this golden land; perhaps he doesn't know of it himself; perhaps the scientific spirit of the age considers this highly imaginative stuff, including the Bible, hurtful to the child-mind. Let Bobby revel in his edible fungi; but the child who knows all about the "Fox and the Grapes," the "Wolf and the Lamb," and who has dreamed through his sunny afternoons with the Genie, Scheherazade, Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, is going to start out in life with a much deeper knowledge of things as they are and should be than the fungi-ridden child of the scientist. For there are a number of things, as Hamlet can tell us, of which our cold philosophy will not take cognizance.

Perhaps the first is the best edited of these volumes. A few errors have crept in. It is hardly correct to say that "The English came to Britain in 449," or that "Christianity came to England in 597." Many will think that the Æsop cannot be seen for the Stickney, in the second volume. As Mr. Stickney says, there is no *textus receptus*; still, the version which sacrifices brevity and directness imperils the chief charm which even children find in Æsop. All these volumes have their appeal for older readers. If your heart does not leap at

Then the Red Knight of the Red Lands armed him hastily, and two barons (the epicure! he must have *two* barons to do him honor) two barons set his spurs upon his heels, and all was blood red, his armor, spear and shield. "Fair sir," said the damosel Linet, "look you be glad and light for yonder is . . ."

why then you have already traveled beyond the blood-red west into the dusk of life, even though your years be but thirty. You can look forward to nothing more thrilling than a lean and slippered existence in which a perusal of the latest tariff schedule will be your chiefest excursion into the realms of fancy.

P. L. B.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

There are many indications that the Catholic lecturer means to be unusually active in the land this fall. Besides the courses Mr. Wetmore, Mr. Kilmer and Mr. Cecil Chesterton, as we have noted, are to give, Dr. Condé B. Pallen, no stranger to the lecture platform, has out an attractive list of talks bearing on literary, social and historical subjects, and Dr. James J. Walsh, for divers weighty reasons, is likely to be more eloquent than ever this season. Mr. Hilaire Belloc, who was to come over, the war will keep busy in England.

The *Catholic Mind* for August 22 contains the admirable Pastoral Letter on the Papacy that Cardinal Mercier, Primate of Belgium, addressed to his clergy and people after the election of Pope Benedict XV last September. "It is well in this epoch of commotion and cruel strife," says his Eminence, "to let one's thoughts rest for a moment upon the heights, and, from above the nations that destroy one another and the schemes that are put in motion or come to grief, to look down upon the peaceful procedure of our Mother Church, calling to the center of Catholicism the Cardinals of the two hemispheres, and committing to them the care

of providing in silence for her perpetuity." Father Blakely's appeal for the establishment, far and wide, of "Parish Social Centers," as the best means of keeping our young people out of the courts, is the next paper in the number, and then follows Father Dwight's sober reflections on the "Archimandrite's Novice."

An English correspondent writes that the Rev. Bernard Moultrie, whose conversion we noted in our issue of July 24, and called "a former superior of the Cowley Fathers," was never at Cowley at all, and another letter from England comments thus upon an assertion made by a correspondent in our issue of July 10, who wrote about "Shakespeare's Religion":

Isn't it rather damaging both to our memory and our reverence that the fate of being quoted as any merely human compliment should have befallen that lovely stanza of Ven. R. Southwell, which, in his "Saint Peter's Complaint," he gives to the penitent Apostle, addressing the eyes of Christ Our Lord? Besides, J. M. Lelen should have known, or found out, that by 1594 Shakespeare had no "learning fit for saints" in his head except such as may be gathered from "Venus and Adonis," and "Lucrece!"

AMERICA, certainly, and its correspondent too, no doubt are glad to be corrected.

Though they may gang a kennin wrang
To step aside is human.

In an interview Mr. "Tom" Daly recently gave Mr. Joyce Kilmer, of the New York Times, the discoverer of Guiseppe and Carlotta maintains that the coarse, violent fun of men like Mark Twain and Josh Billings is not characteristically American humor at all. Rather, Washington Irving, Artemus Ward, Mr. Dooley, E. S. Martin and James Jeffery Roche, in Mr. Daly's opinion, are nearer being our typical humorists. There is "one absolute fact—American humor is not Anglo-Saxon." Poe and Whitman he considers overrated, and believes that they owe their vogue largely to the fact that lecturers from England have told us so persistently that those two authors are the only ones really worth reading we have. Mr. Daly passes severe strictures on many of the American authors of today, who have genuine talent but "are deliberately prostituting their art. They are using up all their energies in describing to the public what the public believe to be the 'smart set.' The chief aim of many of them is to appeal to humanity's lower sensual instincts." The first, and still the greatest, American short-story writer, says Mr. Daly, is Washington Irving.

The July number of the *Dublin Review* is a very readable one. It opens with some reminiscences of the late Father Maturin by the editor, who quotes freely from notes taken at the distinguished convert's retreats and sermons. Dr. Barry has a timely paper on "The City of Constantine," Bernard Holland examines Disraeli's attitude toward the Church, and Barbara de Courson contributes a most interesting sketch of "The Marquise de la Tour du Pin," née Dillon, a high dame of Marie Antoinette's court, and a descendant of a "wild goose." Escaping the guillotine, she fled with her husband to this country, settled near Albany and became a successful farmer. James Britten has a good paper on "Anglicanism Past and Present." He finds that the High Church section of the Establishment has become, "if not the dominant, at least a potent factor in its existence," and that the "Low Church party has steadily diminished in influence," but that the new Modernist school is strong. In "The Effect of Waterloo" Hilaire Belloc shows that the military prestige of England, now rapidly vanishing, was largely due to that single victory. The Bishop of Northampton contributes an admirable paper on "The Neutrality of the Holy See," which is

earnestly commended to the perusal of Pope-baiters. "Would it not have been natural on the part of the Roman court," asks the author, "to display some partiality towards those Powers which have exerted themselves to be civil, and some coldness toward those which have chosen to assume an unsympathetic or hostile attitude? Yet the salient feature of the situation is this: *that nothing of the kind has happened.* The neutrality of the Holy See has been proof against every strain." Seasonable papers on the war and well-written book reviews make up the rest of the number.

Though the readers that we used in our school-days may have many pleasant memories for us, it must be confessed frankly that the modern school reader is a vast improvement in mechanical technique, attractiveness of illustration and selection. "The Ideal Catholic Readers" (Macmillan, \$0.30), by a Sister of St. Joseph is a good example of the up-to-date editing of school readers. These books are for the lower grades, and because of their pleasing illustrations, clear type and interesting selections, which sugar over their severer exercises in phonic drill and word-building, one would imagine that the books would make the reading class almost as pleasant for the little ones as a holiday. —Scott, Foresman & Co., of Chicago, have also published a series of "Primary and Grammar School Readers," varying in price from thirty to sixty cents, according to the grade. Much care and good judgment have been exercised in the preparation of these readers. The primary books are attractive in matter, printing and illustration, and have helpful questions on the selections read, which will prove suggestive to teacher and pupil alike. The grammar grade readers are particularly well-edited. Not only are the selections carefully chosen and graded, but the classification of the subjects read, the suggestions for study, the words and phrases for discussion, and the hints in the preface of each reader for conducting reading classes are all features that deserve special commendation. With each reader is published a manual containing discussions on the selections read which a thoughtful teacher should find illuminating.

"To commemorate the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the installation of the first mayor and board of aldermen of the city of New York on June 24, 1665, and the adoption of the official city flag on June 24, 1915," John B. Pine, L.H.D., has edited an interesting volume called the "Seal and Flag of the City of New York." (Putnam, \$1.00) Victor Hugo Paltsits describes the city's transition from Dutch to English government, E. Hagaman Hall tells the history of the seal and flag and Mr. Pine explains their symbolism. The book contains six illustrations including a plate in colors of the blue, white and orange banner that is now New York's official flag and which resembles closely the standard borne by the intrepid little band of Hollanders who settled Manhattan nearly 300 years ago.

American priests who nobly ambition making themselves polyglot shrivers in order that none of their Pentecostal flocks may die uncomfortable, will be glad to know of the "Phonetic Method of Hearing Confessions of the Slavic Peoples in Cases of Emergency" (Herder, \$0.20) a valuable booklet Father F. Bimanski, S.J., has prepared. In the United States there are now reckoned to be, 3,000,000 Poles, 800,000 Bohemians, 800,000 Slovaks, 150,000 Slovenians, 500,000 Ruthenians, 500,000 Lithuanians, 9,000 Bulgarians, 1,000,000 Magyars, 90,000 Russians, and thousands and thousands who use the Croatian language. With the help of this little book, the reading of which is facilitated by the marking of accents and the division of syllables, a priest ought to be able, in case of need, to secure from members of the foregoing races, an adequate confession.

EDUCATION

The Subject of Bells

IT is in order to consider the subject of bells. Confessedly the topic is not novel. Dickens knew well the sentimental value of a bell sounded at the proper moment, and the alarum bell in *Macbeth* has, beyond doubt, an effect finely dramatic. Father Prout has written musically of Shandon and Moscow; Moore sedulously fed his studied melancholy on the memory of bells long silent, and Poe has obligingly left us a whole catalogue of bells, quite as complete, and far more melodious than any product of the printer's art issued in the name of the modern masters in Troy or Watervliet. No medieval legend, especially if retold by a throbbing young poetaster of the twentieth century, is complete without its bell, or even an entire chime. When the chill winds from the frozen North sigh about the baronial castle on the lonely cliff, what more in accordance with nature's law than that they awaken the sleeping melody, dreaming in the golden heart of some long-forgotten bell, set in a lofty, frosted turret?

THE SMALL PERI

And so, except where cruel, unpoetic city ordinances ban them, we have christening bells and funeral bells, with wedding bells and bells that ring out affrighted to the wild sky on New Year's Night. But it is to none of these that the present discourse is dedicated. At this fallow season of the year, it is timely to speak of the bell which soon will strike affright into the hearts of little Mabel and freckled Algernon. It is said, in these days of educational reform, that children should cry for school, as of old their parents did for Castoria; that if they do not, something is wrong with the school; we are even confronted with pictures of small urchins sobbing because they are not allowed to go to school on Saturdays. There is something unnatural in all this. That, like some small Peri at the gates of pearl, Johnny should stand tearful before the barred door of the little red schoolhouse, undoes all our traditions of the unwilling schoolboy, from Shakespeare down. In the presence of these monstrosities, the beholder may question whether they are weeping for what was once called school, or for what is nowadays termed school. May not these tears be shed for the leeks and the garlic wherewith our experimental curricula are garnished; the tatting and the raffia and clay modelling and swimming, with folk-dances and free meals and the other varied flesh-pots set out with much largesse in many a modern city school? Johnny, all unmindful that he is the dog of this pedagogical experimentation, may like it quite well; but the further question is, is it good for Johnny?

THE SCHOOL BELL

But the bells are ringing, and in a thousand cities Johnny and Mabel and Algernon will soon be trooping to school to resume the white child's burden. More than a million and a half will be gathered in classrooms "where Christ Himself doth rule," where God is gladly, not condescendingly, allowed an existence, and His law a sufficient sanction. But it is sad beyond words to reflect that more than a million and a half of our Catholic children will find themselves, not through any fault of theirs, in other schools, founded, for the most part, on the theory that since God, a cramping, dogmatic assumption, has no legitimate place in the development of the intellect, religious instruction is wholly out of place in any rational curriculum. In the Catholic school, Jesus

Christ is all; in the non-sectarian school, His name may not be uttered with adoration. He may possibly be an interesting historical character, but He has an existence far less real than the biological specimens in the laboratory.

THE SECULAR SCHOOL

Is this estimate exaggerated? No one acquainted with the drift of modern pedagogic thought can say that it goes beyond the bounds of fact. A pedagogical review recently found room in its pages for a somewhat extended discussion of the true meaning of education. None who wrote on the subject even mentioned the possibility that religion might have some connection with the process of education. What place do McMurry, Henderson, Parker, Monroe, Dewey, Perry, to take a few names at random, assign religion in any scheme of education? True, although they probably would not admit in explicit terms the freedom of the will, they are not blind to the fact that man can choose between the mud and the stars, and they see the necessity of training the child to model his life on the general precepts of the natural law. But even in this training process religion, properly so called, is superseded by vague and misty prosings on altruism, self-respect and social values.

THEORY AND COMPROMISE

The theory of our State education is that it is wholly non-sectarian; that is, Buddha, Mohammed, Confucius, God, and any or all teachers of religion or moral systems, are, in its view, precisely on the same plane. Happily, however, in practice this blasphemy is not universally accepted. That it is not, is due above all else to the fortunate circumstance that many of the public school authorities are far better than the system which they administer. With questionable legality but praiseworthy intent, some public schools now open their sessions with prayer, although at times it is only prayer of a sort. Others find that a reading from the King James Bible solves the whole question of religious education, while a third class of school authorities will lay much flattering unction to their souls by attempting the impossible task of teaching a non-sectarian or non-dogmatic system of religion or morality. To put the matter briefly: in theory, the non-sectarian school utterly excludes all religious teaching; practically, it has been driven by force of circumstances into a compromise which often fully deserves to be styled "miserable." We have Browning to thank for the phrasing of "Religion's all or nothing," but the truth itself is and has always been fundamental in Catholic activities. This is one reason among others why we insist that our Catholic children be trained in godliness as well as in gymnastics and mental culture.

OUR SISTERHOODS

We Catholics have no apologies to make for the general efficiency of our schools, and we have a foundation of infinite value in the teachers who have unselfishly consecrated their lives to them. After all it is the teacher that matters, not the equipment. This is the day of the child; the professional sociologist and the educator prate that they have smoothed the way for the citizen of the future. Their work is not without value; but what society, public or private, can boast of an army of 40,000 men and women who, with neither hope nor desire of an earthly reward, but purely for love of God and His little ones, have devoted themselves to the cause of education? The praise of our Sisterhoods has never been fitly chronicled; it cannot be, for the words which would worthily set it forth are not found in the languages of men. They are women who have given up home with all that

home means; relinquished, with the noblest of purposes, all that, from an earthly viewpoint, might make life sweet and happy. You will find them wherever suffering is to be alleviated, sorrow to be lifted up, ignorance to be enlightened. They are the foundation upon which our schools are built; were it not for their heroic sacrifice our Catholic schools would be an ideal, not a reality. Their work is their life, not their avocation; they bring to it all the joy of giving to God. Slowly and surely they build each step, knowing that thus they rise to heaven with the countless children whose eyes they have opened to the light of knowledge. The very example of their heroic lives makes them ideal teachers. No child has learned anything who has not learned that nothing great in the sight of God or man can be accomplished save through sacrifice. Only those whose lives have been made sweet and tender and brave by days of ever-present silent self-forgetting can teach this lesson.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

SOCIOLOGY

The National Convention of Catholic Federation

BROADWAY and eventide and a gentleman from St. Louis form a reasonably good plot. It is the stock in trade of the magazine story, the foundation upon which many a "best-seller" has been based. Sometimes the gentleman is from Canajoharie or Oshkosh, sometimes he is not a gentleman, and sometimes, particularly if the tale be a sociological tract coated with the thin sugar of fiction, the scene shifts to Seventh Avenue, obligingly adjacent. But these be accidental variants, by which the essential triangle of a bewitching time, a bewildering place, and a bewildered human element is in no wise affected.

THE COMPLAINT

But the gentleman in question was by no means bewildered. He was angry. Born and bred in what your true Manhattanite deems "the Far West," i.e., Missouri, his was a primitive, simple soul, unacquainted with the modern liberties and vulgarities which put life into an existence otherwise metropolitan, but drab. He did not like some of the displays which glared at him from certain shop windows. He thought them offensive to elemental decency. He turned to the official guardian of such law as obtains on Broadway, but that high personage, after an exchange of compliments with a huckster who was violating the peace and dignity of the Commonwealth by offering some exceedingly aged oranges for sale, was weary, and could neither suggest action nor proffer counsel. With such untoward phenomena as the sale of ancient oranges, he might interfere; he might even chide a dynamiter with sharp words, or glance with an official frown at a gangster. He crept along the ground; he dealt only with the tangible. Weighty questions of art and literature were beyond his ken.

THE RESULT

Foiled in this first appeal, the wight from Missouri dared to lay his case before the higher powers. A few things then happened. Three offending dealers were haled to court. Personal liberty was dealt a mighty blow, when the stock in trade of two was confiscated, and the third received a fine which probably lessened for a time, his share of the wages of sin. It so happened that the complainant in these cases was a member of the Catholic Federation, one who took his duties seriously. He had attended many a national convention. Year by year, he had listened to "ringing resolutions"; but he had always done more than listen. He knew that a resolution was a brief plan of cam-

paign, not a chronicle of work successfully accomplished. No arm-chair philosopher, but a practical man, he had never shirked his part in the campaign. What he did in New York was, perhaps, of no great moment. It would, however, be of more than national importance, if it were duplicated every day in every city of the United States. The greatest value of the Federation lies in the fact that it unites into one body the many Catholic societies, and urges upon every member the duty of personal work for the cause of religion and morality. But it can do little more than urge, and at the recent Convention no point was brought out more clearly than the fact that the Federation, like every human organization, must ultimately depend for its efficiency upon the sustained interest and personal work of its members. Otherwise it is merely an organization, not a power.

WORK OF THE CONVENTION

The Convention brought to a close last week in Toledo was particularly fruitful in practical suggestions. Inaugurated with the blessing of the Holy Father, encouraged by the presence of the Apostolic Delegate and many of the Hierarchy, the Convention set itself to a serious consideration of the grave evils menacing our social and religious institutions. Many and valuable were the papers read by the delegates, and it is greatly to be regretted that these cannot be reduced to permanent form and distributed throughout the country. In his opening address, Bishop Schrembs of Toledo outlined the purpose of the Federation, and the Coadjutor-Elect of Grand Rapids, Dr. Gallagher, together with Dr. F. C. Kelley of the Catholic Extension Society, and the Rev. Frederick Siedenburgh, S. J., of the Loyola University School of Sociology, suggested practical remedies against the dangers prevalent in modern life.

RESOLUTIONS

The resolutions adopted by the Federation are a splendid declaration of Catholic principles. Two are especially worthy of note.

We approve of collective bargaining, trade agreements, conciliation, and the voluntary arbitration of industrial disputes. We pledge our support to every legitimate effort of organized labor for a living wage, reasonable hours of work, protection of life and limb, workingmen's compensation, decent and healthful conditions of life and labor. . . . We pledge our support to the movements that are combatting the evils of child labor and struggling to better the conditions of working girls and women in the industries.

To Catholic societies that are well established in point of numbers and finance, we recommend an added interest in the problems of the young men and boys who must be guided to physical and mental manhood. By the organization of gymnasium work and study courses, they will be enabled to give such needed assistance to the splendidly gallant though inadequate efforts of the boys' and young men's societies.

There is no doubt that the local societies will at once act in accordance with these resolutions. Progress will be slow; but it is imperative that a practical beginning be made at once. As was pointed out by Dr. Gallagher, it is particularly important that in these days of social and industrial unrest, the Catholic societies do all in their power to alleviate the hard condition of the laboring classes, drawn so largely from our own flock. Equally if not more important is the need of providing for the mental and physical wants of our young people. This subject has been discussed at length in the pages of AMERICA. We know the conditions; what is now wanted is action. If each member of the Federation will but emulate the practical work of the gentleman from Missouri in supporting the resolutions of the Federation, much will be done to save the next generation for God and the Church.

P. L. B.

NOTE AND COMMENT

The *Providence Journal*, telling of nine executions in the Southern States, dwells with satisfaction on the legality of seven of the number. However, even in districts where lynching, which is only another name for murder, has fallen out of vogue, there is room for improving the public attitude toward executions:

In Mississippi, for example, a hanging was made the occasion of a public holiday by the authorities and the business men. A scaffold, erected in a natural amphitheater was surrounded by great crowds. After the sheriff had done his work, the spectators enjoyed a picnic.

There has been great wonder expressed by the press of the country on the breaking down of most of the "refinements" of civilization in the nations at war. Even in some communities enjoying peace, civilization's niceties go down with a crash. Perhaps the old-fashioned idea that religion is the backbone of true civilization, is correct after all.

The fifth annual convention of the Catholic Press Association of America was held at Toledo, on August 20-21. The convention pledged itself to cooperate with the Holy See in the cause of world-peace, and as conditions in Mexico are far from satisfactory, a resolution was passed promising to support any movement that would bring about a settlement of the disturbed order in the Southern Republic, on the basis of true liberty to Mexicans. It was suggested that one Sunday each year should be set aside for instructing the people on the importance of Catholic papers in defending faith and morals. A note of warning was sounded against the radical movements of the day, and the convention resolved to combat the false principles of these movements, without questioning the sincerity of those in error. Nearly all the officers of the Association were reelected, the only changes occurring in the News and Advertising Bureaus, where one new member was appointed to succeed former officers of these departments. The following papers were read at the Convention: "The Educational Influence of the Catholic Press," Rev. R. H. Tierney, S.J., editor of *AMERICA*; Claude M. Becker's paper on "National Advertising in Catholic Publications," which was read by Rev. J. I. Whelan, associate editor of the *Brooklyn Tablet*; "Ways and Means to Increase Circulation," Rev. T. V. Shannon, editor of the *Chicago New World*, and "Sodalities," by Rev. E. F. Garesché, editor of the *Queen's Work*.

There is an open letter to American Masons in the August *New Age* that brings out an interesting point:

It is not true that Masons do not recognize Latin Masonry; precisely the contrary is the case. The International Conference of the Supreme Councils of the Scottish Rite which took place in Washington in October, 1912, is clear and irrefutable proof of the fraternity which exists between Latin Masonry and the Masonry of Europe and America. Nearly all of the Supreme Councils of Latin Masonry were represented there, and the American Masons during the Conference and before it, at the ceremonies which were celebrated in Boston, showed their feelings of hospitality in so delightful a manner that the memory of those Conferences will remain in the hearts of those who participated in them with constant pleasure and gratitude.

Not unfrequently fair-minded American Masons repudiate the radical policies of the craft abroad. This official statement may surprise and shock them.

The *Philippine Christian* gives discouraging reports on the work of "Christianizing" the Filipino, which really only began with the American occupation. The town of Cabugao is a case in point:

The Gospel had its entrance there some eleven years ago and some principal people were the first to obey. Quite a few of their dependents followed in their steps rather, I fear, than in the steps of Christ, for while almost three hundred have been baptized, not one-third may be counted faithful. Granting that they entered with sincere heart, they failed to go onward in the divine way. Gambling, drinks, women and indifference make Gospel work hard there, not to mention Romanism which is well saturated with the just-mentioned enemies of holiness.

Protestants are hard put to it to save the Filipino, and get him to attend Bible meetings. In one place where invitations to a Bible meeting met with no response, the program was changed, and a dance was substituted. Before the music started, however, there was a fervid harangue. The result of robbing the Filipino of his Faith, is not a gain to Protestantism, but it is invariably an increase in the ranks of Atheism and Infidelity.

The report of the St. Louis branch of the American Federation of Catholic Societies covering the activities of the past year cannot fail to impress every reader. Owing to Federation protest, three immoral films were banned from St. Louis, while eighteen more were corrected. In twelve theatrical performances the objectionable parts were eliminated; there were 300 immoral articles and novelties destroyed, 285 immoral books, and objectionable post-cards to the number of 24,950 were done away with. The policy of the St. Louis committee is to avoid self-exploitation and sensationalism, and for that reason little is seen in the public press of the work of this band of true social "workers." They need no advertising, nor do they crave notoriety.

The Assistant Professor of Philosophy of Dartmouth was quoted by the *New York Times* anent the great war:

I am amazed at the absence of theoretic justice to Germany's position. We are unduly stressing the means which she employs and forgetting that it is her ends to which we take exception. There is a profound truth in the maxim that "the end justifies the means." Men are fundamentally opposed to one another because their ends are different. Germany's procedure is entirely justified logically, when one has once granted her ends. Germany claims that her very existence was threatened. If that were the case, all she has done is justified: the ravishing of Belgium, the submarine warfare, everything. But we do not believe that her existence was endangered; and our disbelief is based, as we think, on evidence, not on prejudice.

Surely Professor Cox must know that there can be no truth in a false maxim. If he is a philosopher he cannot accept the maxim, which, by the way, the "calumny club" in every land delight in attributing to a well-known school of Catholic philosophers.

Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli, Dean of the College of Cardinals, died on August 19, at the age of eighty-one. He belonged to a family that had the unique distinction of claiming two princes of the Church in one generation. He was born at Genazzano, in the Campagna di Roma, November 26, 1834, and at the age of seventeen began in Rome his higher studies. In 1863 he became a Canon of St. Peter's, and in the following year went to Mexico with the Papal Nuncio, Monsignor Meglia, where he remained until Maximilian fell. In 1869 he was Secretary of the Papal Legation in Brussels, and three years later he was at Vienna. In 1873 he returned to Belgium as Nuncio. On the severing of diplomatic relations between Belgium and the Holy See during the educational controversy, he was made Nuncio at Vienna, where his tact and courtesy won him many friends. At the Consistory held on March 14, 1887, he was raised to the cardinalate, and in 1893 became Cardinal Archbishop of Bologna. In 1903 he became Dean of the Sacred College, and in this office he was the senior counsellor of two Popes.